

Silent Worker.

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth." —Dionysius.

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5 CENTS A COPY

THEY are as rough, coarse gnarled as any hands that plow the fields. Fingers thick, palms calloused, skin the color of brick-dust.

They dangle from a pair of alpaca sleeves and give the impression of a toiler.

The fingers are short, the palms are broad, the skin has the looseness of age.

Can they be more than a symbol of commonplace work?

Really, they are hands that preach the gospel, that penetrate an unbroken silence, a tongue that speaks to the deaf.

I saw a sermon they preached last week at the Second Baptist church.

As I entered from West Mitchell street, the evangelist was the first figure I saw—a little man, in a canebottomed chair, his hands on his knees, awaiting for his congregation. A Wednesday night prayer meeting, which was to sing and hear spoken words, arrived, chattering.

There was utter silence in the small room, where three members of the congregation had joined the preacher. He beckoned, and offered me a pad and a pencil—hesitated, took back the pad, and wrote first.

"I can see from your expression you can hear."

He waited a minute and wrote again:

"I'm going to preach an hour to-night. If you get tired, don't mind leaving, the noise won't bother me."

He said good-evening with a nod to a girl with bright eyes who seemed to take in the whole room with a glance; then turned to a man who followed—a man who not only was deaf, but was half-blind and who peered about him in a groping, pathetic, and at times, a half-desperate way. It seemed he couldn't bear the thought of missing expressions and gestures that are one of his few remaining links with the world.

The Preacher's History.

The preacher suddenly remembered an unanswered question on his pad and began to write. His head was bent to one side and his knees crossed. As he wrote he smiled, but it was more with his eyes than with his lips. They were deep blue eyes, and in the very heart of them a smile seemed to nestle. But it was not so much a smile of humor as a smile of goodness.

"(I am John Walter Michaels," he wrote, "and I am 56 years old. I live at Fort Smith, Ark., and the Southern Baptist board employs me to preach to the deaf.

"I became deaf at the siege of Richmond, Va., in the Civil war. Cannon explosions are supposed to have destroyed my ear drums, and I have been stone deaf since. I was seven years old then. To be educated I was sent to the Virginia School for the Deaf, and then to Washington, D. C. I was teacher afterward in the Virginia school and for 25 years in the Arkansas School for the Deaf at Little Rock. I resigned to preach in the south. I am the only preacher working for the board among the deaf. There are about 30,000 mutes



J. W. MICHAELS, EVANGELIST TO THE DEAF

in the south, and we greatly need other preachers for them."

A man and a woman entered with two little children, the man and the woman silent, the boy and the girl talking. The children made no effort to lower their voices as others would entering a crowded room. They knew no one but themselves could hear. They had come to believe only a few in all the world could hear.

Talked About the War.

But a group in the corner gesticulated with the earnestness of conversation. The preacher wrote industriously and offered the pad.

"The mutes are discussing the war," he explained.

"Who do they want to win?"

"They are divided," he wrote back. "The little man is for Germany, while the others are for the allies."

"How do you preach—just with the fingers or partly with the lips?" I asked.

"All with the fingers. Some can read the lips quite well. But none are able to keep up to the spoken sermons."

The room was filling and the people seating themselves, not to hear, but to see. The windows were raised, and the noise of the cars which passed on Mitchell and on Washington entered the room. Further down the hall the prayer meeting was singing. There was some compensation in being deaf.

The preacher put up his pad and settled his necktie. He had chosen for his pulpit a place beside the movable blackboard at the front of the room. Where he stood the light shone glisteningly on his bald head. His shoulders were rounded, his feet were spread apart, and he looked over the top of his spectacles.

The Silent Prayer.

He cleared his throat as though to speak, and the fact that he didn't was tantalizing. It seemed that he must. It was so out-of-keeping with the order of things for him merely to raise his hands, for the people to rise, and for him to begin to pray without a word being spoken. It was so unusual. It did not seem the way a prayer should be led in church.

The people stood with their heads raised, not lowered, for they were looking, not listening. They were seeing the appeal he was making to God. The whole of it was in pantomime. With a gesture he indicated the heavens, by raising one, two, three, four fingers he uttered a petition that the worshippers be blessed, with a sweep of his hands, a shrug of his shoulders, a bend of his head, he expressed their faith. All this time they stood with their eyes fixed on his hands. Occasionally, a head for a moment would be bowed as though in humble acquiescence. Lips would move as though striving in vain for words. The preacher would raise his eyes upward beseechingly.

The noise from the street was irritating, the clatter of cars appeared ceaseless; the hymn of the prayer meeting grew more fervent. Two of the children edged in, and, with attentive faces, began to talk to each other from the corners of their mouths.

The Two Children.

The preacher raised both hands in signs of a blessing and the congregation sat down. He motioned the little boy and little girl to seats in front of him and with a severe expression belied by his mild eyes, he talked to them in the language of signs, which is the only utterance they have known from father and mother.

"He's talkin' to you," accused the little girl.

"Naw, he isn't," denied the little boy. "It's you. I ain't done nothin'."

Everyone shifted his feet, and through the congregation went the stir preparatory to an hour's sermon. The preacher, with the light shining on his bald head, stood with his neck craned forward, his shoulders stooping, and his hands behind his back. He rubbed one hand across his mouth, drew back his alpaca sleeves, as though he meant to do a feat of dexterity with his hands and—began to preach.

So swiftly moved his fingers the eye scarcely could follow them. They were closed, or held up, one or several. The arms were thrust out with a sweep, into the face came the tenderness that neither words nor gesture could speak. The eyes glowed, the preacher's lips opened, the people leaned further forward, and as blind as I was to the words of the "speaker," I felt some of the force of his feeling.

At one end of the room was the girl with such quick, comprehending eyes; by her a man with heavy brows and that look of wistfulness the deaf often wear; then, the little German, who had maintained the Fatherland against all comers; another man, six feet of brawn, yet deaf to all the

THE SILENT WORKER

world's voices, sweet and harsh alike; and by him a figure bent over, one hand pressed tightly to the cheek, the other shading the eyes with a piece of cardboard—the man whose sight has almost failed striving for the dim words, feeling the fear of utter isolation that is growing on him.

The preacher stopped from sheer exhaustion, rested, and began another five minutes of his hour's sermonizing.

His sermon in pantomime, as he wrote it in synopsis for me, was:

"A deaf friend, something of a braggart, came to me with a question said had been asked many ministers without a sound answer:

"Why should God let some who become religious, go insane?"

"My first thought was that if he let any go

insane it was for his glory and the poor man's good.

The Jews asked Christ concerning a blind man, whether he was born blind because of his or his parent's sin. And Christ said neither, but for the glory of God. Then he made the blind man see. The Jews, the Pharisees and the scribes saw and believed and brought others to believe.

The talk with this deaf questioner led me on to seek something to preach on mental and moral insanity.

Solomon says: 'Madness is in their hearts while they live.' When a man's mind seems, from outward evidences, to be normal, we say he is sane. When his mind appears disordered we begin to speak of manias.

"But there is an insanity so common among men as scarcely to be noticed; yet, it is worse than any mental sickness catalogued by medicine. It is the cause of the turmoils of the world, and the loss of souls. I mean moral insanity. And by moral insanity I mean:

"To live in opposition to the dictates of judgment and conscience, and in accordance with feelings and passions.

"To be engrossed with the concerns of time and neglectful of those of eternity.

"To consider the body more valuable than the soul. Read what Jesus says in St. Matthew 16:26.

"To be guilty of practical atheism.

"To intend to be religious at some future time, and, most of all, to reject Christ and his salvation."—The Atlanta Journal, Oct. 4, 1914.

PUBLIC OPINION

By J. H. CLOUD



The Convention of Instructors of the Deaf at Staunton last Summer, Mr. F. M. Driggs, Superintendent of the Utah School for the Deaf, read an interesting and able paper on "Speech Problems in Combined System Schools." Although the proceedings of the Staunton Convention have not yet been published Mr. Driggs' paper has already appeared in the Volta Review and more recently in the Nebraska Journal—both ultra pro-oral method publications.

The burden of Mr. Driggs' paper was a plea for the establishment of a "speech atmosphere" in schools for the deaf without which, he maintains, satisfactory results in the teaching of speech are not only discouraging but practically impossible. Among the "influences" which Mr. Driggs cites as tending to defeat the acquisition of the "speech atmosphere" in combined system schools are:

(1.) Superintendents, who are not willing to listen patiently to the faltering speech of their pupils on the plea that they cannot take the time; speech being too slow; signs being easier.

The way Mr. Driggs puts it leaves the reader to infer that there are a good many superintendents who have not the patience to listen to faltering speech, who consider speech too slow and signs easier.

(2.) The lack of well trained teachers whose influence for speech for the deaf is sufficiently strong to overbalance the opposing influences.

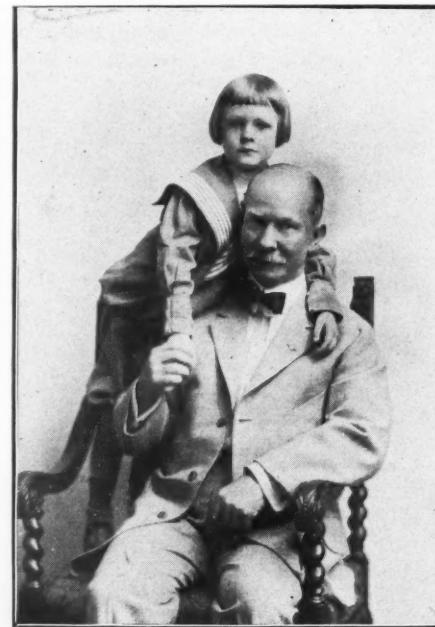
(3.) The use of the sign language and manual alphabet in school rooms and elsewhere.

(4.) The opposition of the oral method on the part of the adult deaf and manual teachers.

If superintendents of schools for the deaf have not the patience to listen to the faltering speech of the deaf the attitude of the general public—the society to which the deaf are to be "restored" according to the oralists,—is less patient and far less sympathetic. The deaf are quick to notice this and in spite of the encouragement given them at school to use their speech, both their disposition and their ability to do so beyond the inner circle of relatives undergo a gradual decline after they take their place in the work-a-day world. Time is a factor and writing is far more reliable than speech.

We have also observed that teachers whose influence for speech is sufficiently strong to overbalance opposing influences may get results in speech but at the sacrifice of so much of the pupils' time, energy, happiness and general education as to make it not worth the price. The "speech atmosphere" is possible only where there is no hearing defect.

Speech, writing, the manual alphabet and sign language are and will ever remain the essential parts of the most rational, progressive and gener-



EDWIN A. HODGSON M. A.,
Editor of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal

ally satisfactory scheme in the education of the deaf. A dog may be taught to hop about on one leg and a lot of free advertising is likely to go with the accomplishment, but when it comes to capturing a meal out in the open he will need all four and his teeth besides. Thus the deaf need every educational help. To many of the deaf with no special aptitude for the accomplishment speech is of minor importance.

The opposition to the oral method on the part of the adult deaf is quite pronounced, universal and practically unanimous. While Mr. Driggs notes the opposition of the adult deaf to the oral method, and seems to deplore it as an inconvenient interference to be put aside by drastic measures if need be, he does not pause to consider the basis of this opposition. When the adult deaf—those educated by the oral method included—are united in their opposition to pure oralism there must be a reason—a very good reason—for such opposition. The reason for the opposition is that the general and indiscriminate application of the pure oral method stunts the deaf mentally, morally, spiritually, and socially. This is the practically unanimous verdict of the only jury thoroughly qualified to pass upon the comparative value of methods used in the education of the deaf—the educated deaf themselves.

Mr. Driggs and the oralists generally put undue stress upon the practical value of speech to

the deaf and too little stress of the value to the deaf of a good general education.

* * *

Pertinent to the foregoing is an accurate and lucid discussion of "The Value of Signs" by Edwin A. Hodgson, M. A., himself a deaf man, for over thirty years editor of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal, New York:

"Probably the weak point about the sign language as used by the deaf, is the wrong conception of it by the general public.

Too many of the parents and friends of deaf children, form and cling to the impression that the aim of a school that permits the sign language is to develop the ability of the deaf children to use it. They do not know that deaf children take naturally to gestures, just as hearing children take naturally to speech.

No one will blame a mother for desiring, above all things else, that her child shall be trained to enunciate written or printed words. No one can convince a loving parent that a few words spoken by her deaf child is not a real demonstration of educational progress. Sometimes it is and sometimes it is not. As one of the street car advertisements says: "You can teach a parrot to say 'Just as good,' but the parrot won't know what it means."

Real education is in the development of all the mental faculties to the fullest extent. Speech, in itself, is merely a physical operation.

Almost any school boy can open a book printed in Latin and read orally a paragraph, correct as to pronunciation, yet not understand a single word of it. This does not prove that he is a Latin scholar. The truth is that mental comprehension of things, and a proper understanding of the import of words and their grammatical connections must precede verbal expression in order to give that expression any value.

The up-to-date schools for the deaf are straining every effort to give every pupil the ability to use spoken words and read from the lips of others words that are addressed to them. In a certain percentage of cases success is attained and general education is not hindered. But there is also a certain number that fail, partially or utterly, to make proper educational progress by this difficult single method. Other methods should be applied in order not to sacrifice the welfare of the child. That is why the Combined System has so many strong advocates. Practically all of the educated deaf support it, insist on it, pray for it, eulogize it.

The pure oralist says that the sign language is a deterrent to success in oral accomplishment. They do not seem to know that the reading of lip-motions is just the same as the reading of finger or arm motions. All are simply signs, without any tone or sound whatever.

The writer has had fully forty years of experience as a totally deaf man. Not a sound in all those years has broken the eternal stillness of his life. Yet he speaks so that people understand him, and reads the lips with negative ability. He believes the sign language to be the greatest boon to the deaf—next to books and the "movies" the most lucid interpreter of thoughts that educate and give pleasing satisfaction to the silent wayfarer along the journey of life.

By all means let the deaf child have a chance

to learn speech, but do not deprive him of the happy, the inspiring, the ennobling, influence of the language of signs."

Shall the deaf have the happy, the inspiring, the ennobling influence of the language of signs?

The deaf say: Yes. The oralists say: No. The issue between the deaf and their "friends the enemy" is clearly drawn. The oralists recognize the utter futility of any and every effort to induce the deaf to dispense with their priceless boon. But the oralists are influential, resourceful and well financed and are seeking to gain their ends by getting legislatures to pass laws favoring their method—an admission, by the way, that the pure oral method cannot compete with the Combined System on merit alone.

* * *

The aggressive activity of the oralists is in a great measure the why of the National Association for the Advancement of the Deaf with its present membership of over a thousand. The unwarranted claims made for the oral method in the public press, and the lobbying for special laws favoring that method, must be counteracted and that entails a burdensome tax on the resources of the National Association of the Deaf. The oral association has an endowment fund of \$100,000 and other property valued at probably as much more, all of which is practically the gift of one man whose hobby is the teaching the deaf to speak. With such valuable resources the oralists have a tremendous advantage when it comes to influencing public opinion in favor of their method by means of magazines, pamphlets, press articles and agents. On the side of the deaf there is at present little more than the righteousness of their cause. That is much, but the public must be educated to their view-point and that requires money with which to provide the necessary literature. An endowment fund equal to what the oralists now possess is needed. Let us have it in good time for the celebration of the centennial of the founding of the education of the deaf in America which will be at the parent school at Hartford in 1917.

Let every member of the National Association of the Deaf between now and 1917 give or raise at least \$50.00 each for the endowment fund. We will gladly give that sum on condition that 1000 N. A. D. members do at least as much. They surely can. And hearing friends of the Combined System can give as much more.

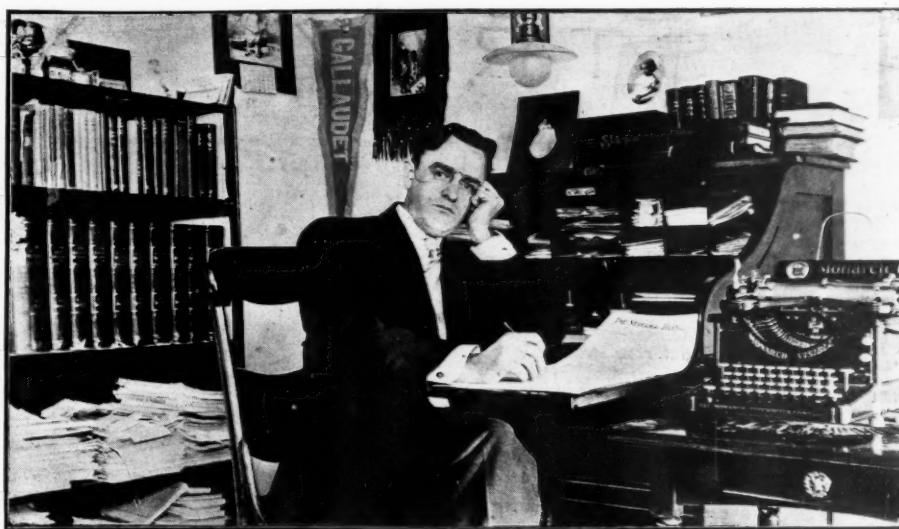
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The proceedings of the Teachers' Convention at Staunton last summer are not yet out, but the following statement has already been given the public:

THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF

The Conference of Superintendents and Principals of American Schools for the Deaf, meeting in conjunction with the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf in Staunton, Virginia, this first day of July, 1914, declares the following as a basic principle in the education of the deaf, to-wit:

"The education of the deaf child—which is claimed as a matter of right, not of charity—while a part of the general educational movement is a distinct and highly specialized branch of the work and, as such, requires the services of expert educators of the deaf—those who know not only the commonly applied principles of general pedagogy and psychology, but who also, through special training, active experience, and thorough research work, know the possibilities, the peculiarities, and the limitations of the deaf child—who clearly know what is possible and theoretical. This is a knowledge not possessed even by those who proclaim themselves masters, theoretically or otherwise, of the work with the hearing child who, as a matter of fact, receives his education largely at the hands, not of his school teachers, but of the thousands with whom he comes in contact outside the schoolroom, and through the thorough acquisition of his mother-tongue with its vocabulary and expression which come to him naturally and easily from the very day of his birth—and all of which is denied the deaf child. With this special knowledge of deaf child nature as referred to above, acquired through years of study of, and experience with, the deaf, one may readily perceive that the problems presented are



JAMES W. SOWELL, M.A., HEAD TEACHER OF THE NEBRASKA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

not ordinary ones, that they are indeed complex, and further, that the ordinary curricula, textbooks, grade divisions and modes of procedure adapted to the hearing child must be very decidedly modified with the deaf child. To those who are not engaged in the work of educating the deaf this knowledge does not come and they are ill-prepared to criticize methods, progress, and results which necessarily must be seen and judged from a viewpoint entirely different from their own."

If such a fine comb is run through the profession it will catch quite a few teachers, principals and superintendents and is likely to include some who voted for the basic principle.

* * *

We repeat that a school paper is intended primarily to inform and instruct the pupils, to cultivate among them a taste for good reading and help them form the reading habit. For the deaf the reading habit is the master key, the open sesame, to the vast treasure house of learning and its priceless contents. The printing trade can be taught just as well with copy which enables a school paper to fulfill its mission as with any other kind of copy.

The mechanical work necessary to get out a school paper, of course, properly belongs to the printing office, but the paper itself should belong to the educational department of the school and, in fact, should be the leading factor in that department.

By combining the duties of editor of the school paper with those of the school librarian, instructor in reading, director of the literary organizations and manager of the lecture bureau of the school there would be enough work to at least fully occupy the time of anyone possessing the qualifications for these duties.

An instructor well grounded in general literature and endowed with a genuine love for it, possessed of a ready and sympathetic appreciation of the difficulties and needs of the deaf in the different grades, will be able during the years the pupils must remain in school, to so direct and assist them that by the time they are ready to leave they will, for their years, be well grounded in literature, have a taste for good reading and the reading habit so strong that it will continue to grow during the years which follow.

* * *

The English literature requirements for admission to Gallaudet College clearly and forcibly indicate the importance of the teaching habit in the schools. Too often there is not sufficient time in the upper grade in which to do full justice to the prescribed readings for any year owing to the fact that the necessary preliminary systematic reading which belongs to the lower grades has not been done or done only in part.

For the advanced grade we doubt if there has yet been devised a more thorough and comprehensive system of enabling a student to intelligently grasp the riches contained in classic literature than the "Outlines" of the prescribed readings prepared by Mr. J. W. Sowell, '00 Gallaudet, a student, a scholar and a poet, instructor of the advanced class at the Nebraska School for the Deaf at Omaha. Mr. Sowell's "Outlines" are a kind of guide in the study of literature which enables the pupil and the teacher to work together and which instills into the pupil something of the spirit of the author and the attitude of the scholar.

It will be worth while for schools not already familiar with Mr. Sowell's system of "Outlines" for the teaching of literature of the College entrance requirements to investigate the merits of his plan which we consider one of the best yet devised.

* * *

We have before us neatly Printed Year Books for 1914-1915 of the Mid-West Omaha-Council Bluffs and Talladega-Birmingham Branches of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association.

The programs of both Branches announce rare literary treats which must add greatly to the pleasure and profit of all who are so fortunately situated as to be able to attend the monthly meetings. Such organizations also tend to keep alive the Gallaudet spirit and to bring the College prominently and frequently before the pupils of the schools who, in time, must become imbued with a desire to go up higher, to go to Gallaudet.

WARNING!

A small, well-built deaf man by the name of Ed. Sullivan, alias Edward Irish Sullivan, alias William Sullivan, claiming to be a graduate of the Jacksonville, Ill., School for the Deaf, was a visitor at the Mississippi School, and acted suspiciously.

From several parties in the city Sullivan obtained sums of money under false pretenses, and decamped for parts unknown before his scheme was discovered.

It is claimed that Sullivan can hear and speak. Whether this is so or not, particularly the schools for the deaf, is earnestly requested to be on the lookout for the crook, and have him arrested as a swindler or dangerous and suspicious character.

DESCRIPTION: Small man; stout; about 140 lbs; light brown hair; blue eyes; smooth and egotistic talker; wore dark gray hat and blue suit when last seen.

In case of Sullivan's arrest, (which is earnestly requested), please telegraph the undersigned Deputy State Imposter Marshall for Mississippi for instructions.

S. W. HARRIS,
School for the Deaf,
JACKSON, MISS.

STRAY STRAWS

F. ELORENCE LONG

HIS GRIEVANCE.

"How rare is our lot with so many dear friends
To tells us our duty and show
The world how to take us, for we being deaf,
Are hardly expected to know."

(Please forgive my friend Bill if at times he betrays
A tendency prone to complain.
His deafness no doubt is the cause of it all
When he talks in this dolorous strain.

"They spit us on forks and then turn us in hand
And observe we're a curious kind
Of animal; and proceed to point out
The marks of this species they find.

"One says we're suspicious; another declares
We are simple and easily led.
One says we are lacking in spiritual gifts
And of gratitude haven't a shred.

"Another has met by some chance a deaf man
Who carries a wart on his nose,
And so he decides its a mark of all deaf
And that's about all that he knows.

"And so it goes on thru a long list of faults
And each on his own view relies,
Like the blind men who felt of the elephant once
And then told how it looked to the eyes!

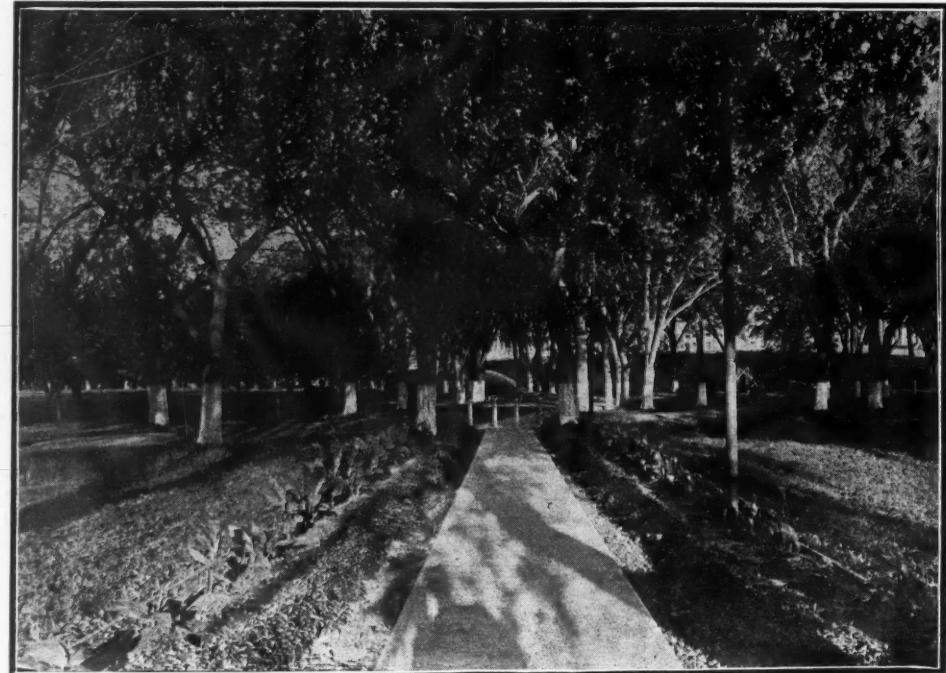
"Oh, would that our friends had discernment to see
We are human like them and possess
The natural feelings peculiar to man
And differ, like them, more or less"

J. SCHUYLER LONG.

HERE is a very good article in the Florida School Herald about popularizing the schools for the deaf with the public. It enumerates the various ways used to gain this end by different schools. But the very best method of acquainting the general public with the merits of a school for the deaf is the latest brilliant idea of the thoughtful Albert H. Walker, President of the Florida School and editor of its paper. He has subscribed for advertising space in special editions of two of the great influential daily papers in the northern and southern parts of his State. Being an editor, he certainly understands the value of advertising like that which the public is sure to read. Any way, it would be fine for all other schools to adopt this business-like way of enlightening the people of their states about their educational value. The general public would gradually under-



THREE IOWA "MISCHIEFS"



Avenue of giant oak and elm trees in the grounds of the Iowa School for the Deaf taken from main gate with the school in the distance.

stand thru their daily papers that there were no ASYLUMS for the deaf, but real schools patterned after the boarding schools for hearing children.

Every holiday season is an occasion for Beth Thompson, the daughter of the Publisher of the Hawkeye, and Dorothy Long, the daughter of the Editor, to invite two or three of their High School girl classmates to spend a day at the Iowa School for the Deaf and attend of its holiday parties in the evening.

Such visits are greatly enjoyed by the High School girls and they acquire a better understanding of the school and its work.

A High School boy asked one of those girls about the party which she had recently attended at the school. When he heard her enthusiastic account, he remarked that he wished he had been along to see the dumb bells (belles).

Among the Christmas remembrances received at the Stray Straws' domicile for the man of the house, J. S. Long, was an autographed copy of "A Voice from the Silence," from the author, Howard L. Terry, at Santa Monica, Calif. The young author found the price of publishers to bring out his book were too high, so he set up his own work-shop at his home and hired a deaf printer to help him print and bind it into book form.

The book is illustrated by another deaf man, J. M. Bumgardner, and thus it is done entirely by the talent and work of deaf persons, which is something unique and without precedent anywhere.

The story is one of great merit and shows originality in plot and narrative. The plot is absorbing and the author shows talent for story telling. The "hero" is a deaf man and, incidentally, the story corrects many misconceptions of the deaf and gives readers the right kind of information. The story originally ran as a serial in the "Ohio Farmer."

Motion Picture rights to the story have already been secured by the Selig Polyscope Co., which is a deserved distinction for the author.

The Moving Pictures of the Fanwood School, showing its famed military band and cadet corps in all their manoeuvres, has gone around for exhibition at a

great many schools for the deaf. These pictures had no little influence in convincing schools of the efficiency of military training and two schools—Texas and North Carolina—have already introduced it with graduates of Fanwood to help do the organizing on a military basis after the Fanwood School.

JIMMY MEAGHER.

Ain't ye heard him knockin', knockin', an' a-tappin', tappin', tappin',
A-askin' fer admision these half a dozen years?
He's our Jimmy, little Jimmy, in his pantaloons an' shimmies,
Whose verses set us laughing, or bring us nigh to tears.
Ain't ye seen him doin' everything that motral ever did?
Ain't ye felt his kindly sympathy a-top o' all your cares?
An' tho' Jimmy ain't no bigger than an oner'y little kid,
An' his bank account ain't nuthin' fer to make him put on airs,
Here's a caution to th' feller who would try a trick on Jim,
An' a sort of envious itchin' fer th' ones he calls his friends,
Fer a feller with a talent fer a-writin' an' a-fightin'—With a bit of every nature that a gen'rous fortune lends,
Is worthy of reckonishun, an' all kinds o' happy wishun,
An' a pause in busy moments just to watch an' study him.
An' th' Oralists have got it since a-gallin' o' his heart,
An' to their mutual fame a monumunt,
A-tellin' of their progress with a sample of his art:
"To read the lips of humming birds, to yodel, squeak and grunt."
Yes, Jim, we've heard ye knockin', a-tappin' and a-knockin',
An' batt'ring down th' barricades that stood so stout an' grim;
So it's open up th' windows, an' it's open of th' door,
An' it's git th' pot a-bilin', an' some order on th' floor,
An' it's git th' oil can leakin' over where th' hinge is squeakin',
An' give th' hand o' welcome to our faithful little Jim!

HOWARD L. TERRY.

*Pinch yourself, Jimmy, humming birds aint got no lips. Hippopotumusses has!

CALIFORNIA

By MRS. ALICE TERRY

AM writing this early in January. Out of doors all about me glad nature is rejoicing—for this is spring. The birds are singing, (altho I do not hear them). The gorgeous butterflies are dancing about among the equally gorgeous blossoms. The placid blue sea reflects joyously the serene blue of the sky. In the distance looms the snow-capped peaks of the purple-hued mountains. Each day the life-giving effect of the heavy December rains is felt more and more.

Premature Spring? No.

November might just as well have ushered in this glad season, had the October rainfall been as abundant.

Everywhere a new emerald-green freshness covers the earth. Besides their business of perpetual blooming, the roses and numerous other flowers are now exulting in visible new growth. My new crop of self-sown climbing nasturtiums are already three feet high; the oranges and lemons are ripening, and at the same time the air about is filled with orange blossom perfume. There, under the kitchen window, is also the delicate perfume of a bushy heliotrope, and, from the South under the cypress hedge comes the sweet breath of spring violets.

In the garden the vegetables are attempting a Jack-and-the-Bean-stalk growth. Last year's tomato bushes are again laden with flowers and fruit. Only such trees as the fig, peach, apricot and plum yet cling indolently to their red and brown autumn garb.

Late last spring (I think it was in April) I made a garden bed and filled it with parsley plants—the kind that is used chiefly for meat and poultry garnishing. For several weeks I gave them my faithful care. But try as I would I could not coax them into appreciative growth. It happened that I got so I could not look at my table without thinking of that obstinate parsley. In disgust I finally gave up, abandoning those plants to the mercy of the long dry season. Contrary to my expectation, however, they did not die. And now—well, that parsley astonishes me (or mocks me?) by its prodigious growth which exceeds even the garden's Jack-and-the-Bean-Stalk energy.

On either side we have separated our back yard from that of our neighbor by a tall, massive board fence with a lattice-work top. It happened that our neighbor on the south planted a fruit vine close to this fence. She called it a Christmas berry plant; but why, I never could understand. For in size, shape, color and taste it is exactly like the blackberry.

In a few months' time under this woman's magic care, the tender vines had made the most astonishing growth I have ever seen. The new term *desert-growth* might well apply to it. The woman built a wide high trellis which was soon covered by the ambitious prickly runners. But before there was time for a berry crop the woman moved away. In her place came another—a different woman—who has no time for plants and flowers, so absorbed is she in her Theosophical studies. Under such neglect I thought the great trailing plant would surely suffer. But it did not. It kept on growing. The long runners crept over the roof of the trellis and began to shoot downward, this time coming through the lattice top of our fence into our yard. At first I resented their intrusion and repeatedly clipped them back with my pruning shears. But it was of no use, for new shoots kept coming through the fence. Then I let them alone. In a short time they blossomed. Then appeared clusters of green berries, which soon ripened into perfect, delicious blackberries. And for a

long time I have regularly—once a month—picked off a dishful of them. During all this time I have never once seen any berries on this plant on the other side of the fence for the other woman. If she took the trouble to investigate by craning her neck this way, she would be amazed at the buds and berries on this side. For her? No. For me! Today I picked off a nice ripe one.

Now you will all be wondering why the berry crop is all on my side of the fence, while the

No selfish cheer, this!

It was her great-hearted Christmas demonstration.

Out of doors, it was cheer for all—for the casual passer-by, or the perchance homeless wayfarer.

Ah, that others in this clime might display similar civic and economic pride!

It happened just before Christmas. Some way Mr. Arnold Kiene heard that his bosom friend, Dr. Cloud, of St. Louis, was reading a new book, preparatory to leaving on a holiday lecture tour. "Lay Down Your Arms" is the name of the book. Mr. Kiene had never seen it, but since it so greatly interested Dr. Cloud, he decided that he must have it too. Accordingly, he and Mr. Paul Erd went to the biggest and best book store in Los Angeles. To their amazement, the clerks had never seen the book either. They searched other stores, but without success. "Dr. Cloud certainly has a knack for getting hold of the best and latest books," said Mr. Kiene. "Yes," agreed Mr. Erd. Then they decided on a game of tennis. As they walked toward the park they passed a small, rather shabby looking book store. It was not encouraging, but they decided to try the quest once more. This time they were rewarded, for the clerk promptly handed them the coveted book.

"How many have you?" queried our friends. "Three," replied the clerk.

They bought them all—one apiece, and one for Mr. and Mrs. Terry for Christmas.

In this book, the authoress, Bertha Von Stutter, writes straight from her heart. She depicts the horrors and uselessness of war. The book is deserving of the widest circulation, and will in time, no doubt, do great good.

Late in December, Mrs. J. Sonneborn charmingly entertained with an informal "at home" in honor of her sisters, Mrs. M. Sonneborn and Mrs. H. Lefi, who had just returned to Los Angeles from Chicago. In their Yuletide ornamentation of red and green the large parlors looked unusually inviting.

A unique welcoming device fixed in the top of the wide hall doorway was the source of much admiration. This was a small oblong box, painted a glossy black. Its four sides were neatly done in scroll work designs. It was further lined with red cloth. Inside gleamed an electric light which brought out most effectively the cut designs, especially the word WELCOME on either oblong side. This clever device was the ingenious product of the Sonneborn brothers, whose skill and dexterity in the use of tools is well known.

Toward evening four prettily decorated tea tables were carried in and placed conveniently about the parlors. Then the sixteen ladies divided themselves into groups of fours, and sat down to a delicious repast of chicken salad, olives, hot biscuits, coffee, fancy ice-cream and cake. Red velvet poinsettias constituted the table centerpieces. The individual favors were kewpie dolls made to stand up in pretty baskets of bon-bons. The endearing kewpie sauciness was noticeably enhanced by their scant clothing of red satin butterly bows!

Besides the hostess and her sisters, those present at the enjoyable affair were Mesdames Waddell, Reaves, Thompson, Mills, Andrews, Cool, Terry, Wornstaff, Attig (a hearing society woman); Misses Young, Reaves, Chenoweth and Roy.

We have all of us sufficient fortitude to bear the misfortunes of others.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

If any man flatters me, I'll flatter him again, though he were my best friend.—*Franklin*.



MR. AND MRS. J. F. MEAGHER
Vancouver, Washington.

The well known deaf couple whose fertile brain and energetic muscle combined promise such great things; not only for the northwest deaf, but for the whole country as well.

plant proper is on the other side. Simply, because the thirsty roots chose to penetrate far out and over the boundary line in quest of the moisture which they learned is forthcoming on my side of the fence. Right here, in this vicinity, we regularly water our fig-tree. And those stray berry roots are welcome to all the water they want. Does the monthly blackberry feast amply repay us?

Once more Christmas has come and gone. Once more have the forests suffered in order that the traders might once again meet the popular demand for Christmas trees. Years ago the foresters and the lovers of natural scenery began to protest. But a selfish Public has chosen to remain serenely indifferent, while permitting the devastation to go on. Uncle Sam has a law to protect the birds. When will he frame a law that will preserve for future generations our beautiful, impressive evergreens? Here, at least, one woman solved the Christmas tree problem in an exemplary way. In her front yard there grows a shapely pine not over five feet tall. She decided to make of it her living Christmas tree. She decorated it after the usual fashion. Then, as a finishing touch, she added a long string of bright hued electric bulbs. One end of this electric cord was carried along the earth up to the house, where it was connected with the lighting fixture on the porch. At night the woman had only to press a button to set the whole tree instantly aglow with Christmas cheer.

PHILADELPHIA

By James S. Reider



MONG Philadelphia's organizations of the deaf, the Beth Israel Association of the Deaf is the baby one, having been organized in the Fall of 1907. It is a society "formed for the purpose of bringing together deaf people of the Hebrew Faith, and furthering their religious education and intellectual and moral advancement." It is thus the religious and social center of the Hebrew deaf of Philadelphia. From the time the Protestant Episcopal deaf started the first organization of the deaf in this city, some fifty years ago, the Jewish deaf have always been welcome to mingle with them, and they may enjoy the same privilege to-day. But, at last, the need was felt for an organization that would be able to cater to their especial wants, i. e., provide instruction in their own Faith. A most favorable opportunity offered itself when the Temple of Beth Israel was building in the northwestern part of the city, in 1907.

Among the leading men of the Temple organization is one Mr. Julius Blanckensee, who has a brother who is both deaf and dumb, (our Mr. Henry Blanckensee) and who therefore is deeply interested in the welfare of the Hebrew deaf.

He readily enlisted the interest and help of Rabbi Marvin Nathan, of the Temple, in the work of organizing the deaf of the Faith.

In the Fall of 1907, a meeting was called at the home of Mr. Julius Blanckensee, which besides him was attended by Messrs. Max and Morris Apt, of the Temple organization, Rabbi Marvin Nathan, and the following deaf, Messrs. Henry Blanckensee, Edward D. Wilson, (since deceased,) and a few others, including some ladies. The result of the meeting was that on November 3rd of the same year the Beth Israel Association of the Deaf was organized and offered the free use of rooms in the Temple Beth Israel at the northeast corner of Thirty-Second St. and Montgomery Avenue.

The first officers of the Association were President, Henry Blanckensee; Vice-President, Edward D. Wilson; Secretary, Rebecca Rosenstein; Treasurer, Freida Pollock (now Mrs. Barney Siegel, of New York). The meetings of the Association are held regularly on Sundays, at 2.30 p. m., except during the Summer months; prayer services usually precede these meetings, after which they partake of a varied nature, such as business, literary and social, following the Jewish customs.

Although handicapped by want of a free use of the sign-language, Rabbi Nathan has been most assiduous in looking after the spiritual welfare of these deaf "guests" of the Temple, and other prominent members of the Temple organization have also from the first shown a generous interest in them. The Council of Jewish Women, a charitable Hebrew organization, has also been giving all the assistance possible to the Association. As a slight token of appreciation for all these favors, the Association, a couple of years ago, contributed \$100.00 toward the purchase of a piano for the Temple, and there is a disposition to make its usefulness felt in whatever little way it can.

If there is anything the Association needs most now, it is the services of a capable leader among its own ranks which it does not possess. If the Association has not come up to the expectations of its generous friends, it is largely due to the want of such a leader. The Hebrew deaf of Philadelphia are singularly unfortunate in this respect in comparison with their New York brethren. The truth must be apparent to Rabbi Nathan, but he can not help it. The fact that he has not lost courage, may be due to an abiding faith in his work among the deaf. We recall that, a few years ago, at a banquet of the Clerc Literary Association, to which Rabbi Nathan was an invited guest, he made the optimistic declaration that the time will come when the deaf will equal or excel hearing people in many ways. He

said it with considerable emphasis, too, surprising his hearers who had not expected such a high compliment from one who, at that time, had but a slight acquaintance with the deaf. Editor Walker was present and can vouch for it.

We admire Rabbi Nathan's courage and faith in the deaf and earnestly hope that he will yet have the satisfaction and pleasure of witnessing the success of his Mission Work among the Hebrew Deaf of Philadelphia.

The present officers of the Association are President, Louis C. Lovett; Vice President, Frank Sack; Secretary, William Klein; Treasurer, Sylvan Stern; and Sergeant-at-Arms, David Nosanaw.

Mr. Daniel Paul, the first Sexton of the new All Souls' Church for the Deaf, will relinquish his position on February 1st. Although snugly quartered in the parish-house with a monthly stipend of \$25., Mr. Paul prefers to return to the cobbler's bench which he had forsaken in hopes of finding a better place.

Mr. Paul is one of our most respectable older deaf, and his leaving is a matter of regret. Mr. Charles S. Yoder, a younger man, will succeed him as Sexton.

The first anniversary of the consecration of All Souls' Church for the Deaf (December 20th, 1914) was observed quietly by the parishioners. However, a beautiful incident marked the occasion at the main service in the afternoon when the Rev. O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md., who preached the sermon, also, on behalf of the deaf clergy, presented a handsome marginal reading Bible to the Church as a testimonial to the Pastor, Rev. C. O. Dantzer, on the completion of his first ten years charge of the church in Philadelphia.

The bazaar held at All Souls' Parish House in

aid of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, at Doylestown, Dec. 11th and 12th, 1914, netted over three hundred dollars clear of expenses. We think this is a very good showing considering the short time of the bazaar and the unfavorable times. Our people, though not as well off in worldly goods as many others, are generally found willing to respond to such worthy appeals as best they can.

Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., has been called on five or six times in different places to recount his experiences in Europe at the outbreak of the war last Summer.

Billy Sunday, the great revivalist, has been amongst us over two weeks now and his doings are the talk of the town. The large tabernacle built for him holds 20,000 persons, more or less, and is daily crowded. In the first two weeks the number of converts were over 4000 and the offerings amounted to over \$23,000. Some people criticise his methods of preaching, but all seem to admit that he is producing good results. Some of the city's biggest men, including Bishops, pay very high compliments to the evangelist's work, evidently overlooking his mannerisms. The city papers give extended reports of his sermons so that the deaf can also be made to feel his presence. A number of them go to the tabernacle to see the man they hear so much about, and, when they are lucky enough to grasp Bill's hand, he invariably spells out on his fingers a cordial "Thank you."

Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made.

—Shakespeare.

A man who flatters a woman hopes either to find her a fool or to make her one.—Richardson.



KATRINE FALLS, SULLIVAN CO., N. Y.
Photo-engraving by Chas. W. Breese, of the Stivers Printing Co., Middletown, N. Y.

Historical Sketch of the Maunal Alphabet and Directions For Its Use



LANGUAGE in its orthographic form, as we are accustomed to use it in writing and print, is addressed to sight, any one can learn to read this form of language written in the air by means of the manual alphabet, as readily as he can read writing. The manual alphabet has nothing to do with "signs" or "the sign language;" it is a manner of writing English and as a means of intercourse with the deaf, it is preferable to writing on paper, being more rapid and convenient.

The Origin of the Ancient Art of Dactylogy

is not known, but evidences of its existence have been traced to the Assyrian antiquities down to the fifteenth century upon movements of art. The Venerable Bede, "the wise Saxon," described finger-spelling more than a thousand years ago, and three manual alphabets are figured in an edition of his work printed in 1532. These are based upon the finger-signs for numbers which were used by the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans.

Monks, under rigid vows of silence, and other scholars who had special reasons to prize secret and silent modes of communication, beyond doubt invented and used many forms of manual alphabets. Rossellius, a Florentine monk, figured no less than three one-hand alphabets in 1579. Two hand alphabets or mixed alphabets of various forms, were in use among the school-boys in Spain, France, and England centuries ago, and in some form such alphabets survive with the "child-lore" and the games inherited in turn by successful generations of children throughout Christendom.

The First Finger Alphabet

adopted in teaching spoken and written language to the deaf was the Spanish one-hand alphabet, which contains certain forms found in the Florentine plates of 1579. The happy thought to this adaptation is attributed to the pious and learned monk, Pedro Ponce de Leon (1520-1584). This alphabet beautifully engraved, appears in the famous work of Juan Pablo Bonet, Secretary of the Constable of Castile, which was published a century after the birth of Ponce, or in 1620. This work, borrowed largely from Ponce, no doubt, is the oldest practical treatise extant upon the art of teaching the deaf-born to speak and use the common language of life.

The Spanish alphabet, somewhat modified, was introduced into France by the brilliant Pereire and his gifted deaf pupil, Saboureaux de Fontenay, where it speedily supplanted the clumsy alphabets employed in teaching the deaf by the Abbe De l'Epee and the Abbe Deschamps. The same alphabet, with a few slight changes, was adopted by Dr. T. H. Gallaudet in the school for the deaf children opened at Hartford in 1817, and it is now known in almost every hamlet in the land. Finger-spelling is

To The Deaf a Borrowed Art

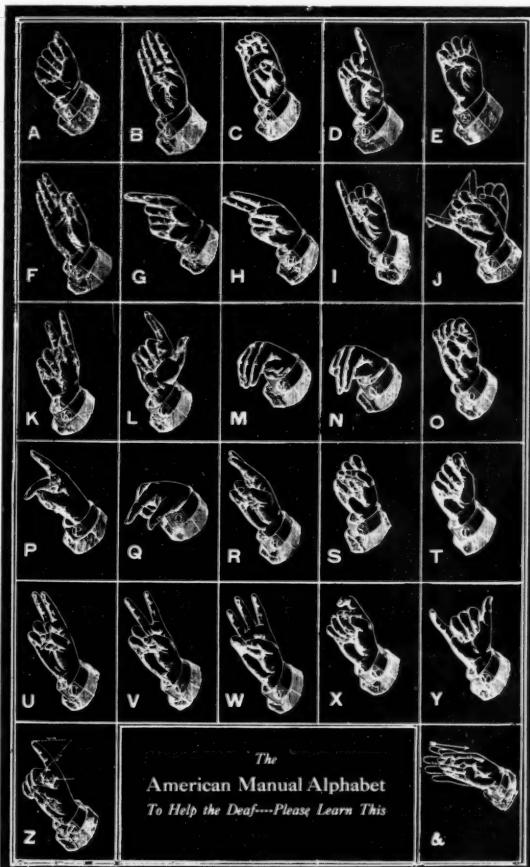
It was originated neither by them nor by their teachers, yet its value to the deaf can hardly be overestimated. To the deaf-born the mastery of common language is an extremely difficult task. Intelligible speech in certain cases is well nigh impossible. Writing is slow, wearisome, lifeless, and often impracticable. Finger-spelling, which may have the rapidity of deliberate speech, and three times that of writing, permits dramatic action, emphasis, accuracy, and easy repetition, thus keeping the senses alert and vividly impressing the forms of words and sentences upon the mind. It compels practice in our language and

encourages and stimulates the child in his effort to master it. "Pupils who consent to spell out their thoughts soon leave behind them those who will be persuaded to do nothing but gesticulate."—[ED. AM. ANNALS. 1853].

This adjunct to speech-reading is recommended for its convenience, clearness, rapidity, and ease in colloquial use, as well as for its value as an educational instrument.

It is, however, chiefly with a view to promoting the welfare of thousands of deaf persons who depend largely upon finger-spelled English in their social and business relations, that the new plates for this alphabet were prepared, and that

This Simple Art is Commended to the Hearing



Taken up as a pastime, often, it has proved useful in business and to the home. It is of special value in the sick room, and it has been used by many, after the voice was gone, to convey messages of importance and last words of love, trust and peace.

It was a favorite idea of Dr. T. H. Gallaudet that finger-spelling might be advantageously used in teaching the hearing children to spell well, a theory that has been fully confirmed by experience.

This alphabet can be learned in an hour. It has been learned by close application in ten minutes. The plates represent, for the first time, typical positions of the fingers, hand, and forearm, from an absolutely uniform point of view, in front of the person spelling, or as seen in a large mirror by the user himself. The forms were determined from a study of scores of mediaeval and modern plates as well as current usage.

It is Recommended

that the arm should be held in an easy position near the body with the forearm as indicated in

the plates. It is not necessary to move the arm, but a short leverage is conducive to ease and is permissible, provided the hand delivers the letters steadily within an imaginary immovable ring of, say, ten inches in diameter. In colloquial use the fingers need not be so closely held nor so firmly flexed as represented in the cuts; but sprawling should be avoided.

Each letter should be mastered before leaving it. Speed will come with use; but should not be attempted or permitted until the forms of the letters and the appropriate positions of the hand are thoroughly familiar. The forms as given are legible from the distant parts of a public hall.

Certain letters as **c**, **d**, **i**, **j**, **k**, **l**, **m**, **n**, **o**, **q**, **u**, **v**, **w**, and **z**, resemble written or printed forms. **J** is simply traced in the air with the little finger, and **z** in like manner with the index finger. **H**, **u**, and **n** differ only in the position of the hand, and **t** is formed as in "taking off baby's nose." These ten words contain all the letters: "adz, fan, map, cow, box, jar, sky, hat, quill gloves." Practice upon each of these for five minutes. It will do you no harm to have a verse of Scripture or some favorite quotation "at your fingers' ends" every morning of your life.

As a Medium of Instruction

The above directions by Prof. Gordon are helpful to the hearing who are acquiring the manual as they would a peculiar style of penmanship. But in teaching little deaf children the attention is not directed to the exact positions taken in making the letters correctly and so rapidly that, like the vocal elements of speech, they are lost in words. The use of the manual by beginners taught in this way is imperfect as it is the speech of young hearing children, but it is unconsciously corrected through practice.—Rochester Advocate.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR

The Admiralty has borrowed Mr. A. J. Wilson's motor-boat "Splash," with Mr. Wilson's crew. The "Splash" was fired upon thrice whilst trying to enter Southampton Water, and one of the shells came to within a boat's length of "Splash." Not caring to risk the boat being sunk, Goodwin (Mr. Wilson's engineer) turned out to open sea again, eventually entering Poole Harbour. The next day the boat was brought round again, but was arrested at Sandown, I.O.W., and the crew detained 20 hours, after which a permit was given to proceed into Southampton.—B. D. T.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE WAR

During the rush, bustle, and excitement at Paris when war broke out, a noticeable group at one of the railway stations was a party of twenty deaf-mutes in the charge of a clergyman, so the Paris correspondent of a great English daily informs us. We imagine that the correspondent was filled with commiseration and horror at the sight, but personally we should expect the deaf party to be the coolest amongst the crowds. Spared the din and confused medley of sounds, they would maintain a **sangfroid** that would be displayed by few others.—British Deaf Times.

There is nothing like fun, is there? I haven't any myself, but I do like it in others. O, we need it! We need all the counterweights we can muster to balance the sad relations of life. God has made many sunny spots in the heart; why should we exclude the light from them?—Haliburton.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

BY ALEXANDER L. PACH

AVING deafness figure in a play has come to be popular with playwrights, for now comes that sterling actor, Otis Skinner, in "The Silent Voice", at the Liberty Theatre, New York, and in what is seemingly a tremendous hit. The "Silent Voice", is poetic designation for lip reading. The character Mr. Skinner impersonates is that of a wealthy man who grows gradually deaf, and acquires lip-reading to such a remarkable extent that he can sit in his easy chair in his home on Central Park West, and with opera glasses, read the lips of people speaking to each other way over in Central Park. It is due, in great measure to Mr. Skinner's personality, and ability that he can make a success of the role.

Of course the average person in the average theatre audience does not know, as we who are deaf know, that lip-reading is never carried to the point that enables one to read the lips, under the circumstances narrated, and that it is only possible to approximately read lips when one gazes hard at a person speaking. Even then it is very largely guess work.

But this play is going to have a bad effect on us all. In one hundred totally deaf persons, not five per cent are able to follow a conversation by lip-reading. By this I mean, to accurately decipher the meaning of spoken speech, speech given utterance to and at them for their own benefit.

I will go further and state that not one totally deaf person in one thousand can accurately follow a speaker, without a clue to that speaker's subject. The result will be that our friends will prod and jab us harder on our shortcomings as lip-readers, and all the explanation we may volunteer will not impress them in the least.

I met a man the other day whom I had not seen since the days when I could hear. He wanted me to read his lips, and I was just as insistent on his using a lead-pencil. Finally he remarked that I "had been deaf long enough to have learned to read the lips." I told him that if I had been deaf a thousand years that would not yet be long enough for me to have acquired lip-reading.

I maintain, as I have always maintained, that lip-reading comes to the few. There is no connection between intelligence and lip reading. The best lip readers I ever knew were, with few exceptions, empty headed deaf people who knew but little else than how to repeat, parrot-like, the words that had just been spoken to them. On the other hand, the brainiest men and women I have known who were deaf, were very rarely lip readers. Of course the exceptions to all this prove the rule. I have some very good friends who can read the lips. By that I mean that if some one speaks directly to them and gives expression to ordinary every-day matters, or asks the questions of every-day life, they will be able to decipher the movements of the lips well enough to comprehend the meaning of the spoken words. This is speech-reading and speech-guessing, and is about as uncertain and as unsatisfactory to the average deaf person as any thing I know.

What I unhesitatingly brand as versiest nonsense is the claim so often made that a deaf person can be trained in lip reading so well that they can follow a sermon or lecture by the movements of a speaker's lips. If there has ever been such a deaf person I have never heard of him or her.

The folly and humbuggery of oralism has much to bear in the wild and extravagant claims made for it. I have been told over and over again, by hearing people who have been compelled to listen to the speech of congenital deaf people, and those who lost their hearing too soon to be able to profit by the memory of what spoken speech is like, that it is at once trying and painful to be compelled to listen to such agonizing speech.

I recall once when an "oral product" had been

trying to air his abilities in this line, a forced listener asked me afterward if I remembered the sound of the sharpening of a slate pencil. I was able to recall it, and my informant added: "Well, that sound is Heavenly music compared to the awful things that comes out of that man's throat."

The good Californians are certainly pitching in to make the N. A. D. meeting this summer a rouser, and they are certainly sending up their State membership to figures never equalled before. However, we still await the magic of the name of Tilden. If he does not loom up big, then its going to be a Hamletless performance. Californians have already named one of their big men for the Presidency of the N. A. D.

In the first place, I do not think President Howard's term ends until the 1917 meeting, so there will be no election of officers this year.

Again, it has become the custom for a man to win his spurs in the N. A. D. The Presidency has never yet gone to a man until he has been active at several conventions.

Big men have boomed meetings, and Chairmaned local Committees with honor, but this did not carry with it the right to sit in the Presidential Chair. I hope though that California's big man gets away with his Chairmanship in good style, and then comes East in 1917 and carries off Presidential honors.

Our old friend Anson Rudolph Spear, the "Sage of Minneapolis," is writing a series of smashing stories in the Seattle (Washington) *Observer*. I am sorry that they do not appear in one of the publications that have a large circulation, particularly here in the East. For this reason they will not be as profitable as they should be. And, unfortunately, the papers that ought to reprint all the interesting things about the deaf, won't reprint intensely interesting things if they first appear in some other paper. Now this Anson Rudolph Spear has the courage to speak his mind, even where he has to take the unpopular side of a question and support it because he honestly believes it right. The compliment I have always valued highest, was one paid me by saying I "hadn't use for things that were sugar-coated just because they were sugar-coated." I too have often taken the unpopular side of a question.

My friend Spear does not approve of money wasted on monuments to departed benefactors. I disagree with him, and think that the movement to honor the Abbe de l'Epee is one of the most commendable enterprises the Deaf ever entered upon. Of course the sculptor will be a deaf man, or should be one. If the total sum raised is much more than enough for a suitable statue, the surplus should be converted into a de l'Epee Memorial Fund, the income from which might be used to contravert the encroachment of ultra-oralism, or to aid worthy deaf men and women in acquiring educational advantages that might otherwise be beyond their reach.

In the foregoing of course I differ radically with Brother Spear. In his denunciation of the utterly unworthy Industrial Exhibitions of the work of deaf people, simply as deaf people, I am with him heart and soul.

I except, of course, the trade exhibits of Schools for the Deaf, at Conventions of Teachers for the Deaf, as these exhibitions are very valuable in showing what schools have been able to accomplish. Their usefulness ends there.

Those who go to San Francisco will be able to see in the public squares there sculptured masterpieces in bronze and marble, over and about which they can exult. A deaf man, Douglas Tilden, created them. They can glory in Tilden's art triumphs. Tilden has risen to the greatest heights, not because

he is deaf, and without the power of speech, but in spite of it.

The enduring monuments to a deaf man's creative energy will be all the exhibition of what a deaf man can do that is necessary.

At the Cleveland Convention the Industrial Exhibit was a pitiable thing. Though it took up the whole of a large store, and was properly placarded and advertised, no outsiders stepped foot inside, and perhaps it is good that they did not.

Deaf people have no cause for rejoicing because they are able to get results through the labor of their head and hands. Deafness and dumbness do not prevent a man from turning out as good a job as a hearing man can, whether that job is in the making of a pair of shoes, or raising big crops, or any of the countless pursuits that men engage in. It is nothing to crow over when a man simply does what the next man does, where mere imitative labor counts.

What might be a wonderful achievement for a person laboring under a real handicap, such as total blindness, becomes nothing at all, when done by a normal man.

Schools for the Deaf teach printing, and graduates go into the world and compete with normal printers, and when they do just as good, or even a little better, there is nothing to exult over because mere deafness in no way mitigates against a deaf printer's ability to set up a good job.

Perhaps I am clear, and perhaps I am not, but the point Spear gets at (no pun intended) he gets at more direct than I do.

There is generally to be seen in the main hallways of certain institutions, show cases of work done by the "inmates". The idea is to convey to visitors the knowledge that in spite of feeble-mindedness, viciousness, and other shortcomings, people restrained of their liberty, for their own and for the public's good, are, nevertheless capable of producing worth-while things, in spite of their mental, or physical shortcomings. In fact, I have seen these barbarian exhibitions in Schools for the Deaf, but I hope that they have been banished by this time.

Deaf people do not have to prove that they can do as good work as people who are not deaf, where the work is on lines where the deafness, *per se* is not a handicap.

We have deaf men doing really great work, in spite of their handicap. Numbers considered, there are as many great sculptors in California deaf as hearing.

Because a deaf man is able to build a house as well as his hearing competitor can build one, is no reason why a deaf man should crow over the fact.

If he can build a better one, he has some cause for elation, but it is not till he goes out of beaten tracks, and rises superior to his handicap are we ready to pin medals on him. The medal pinning had better be a long ways from literal, too.

I liked the Industrial exhibit at Colorado Springs a great deal better than that at Cleveland. That at Colorado Springs was just for us delegates, for no one else saw it. No one else saw it at Cleveland for that matter.

At Colorado Springs, the one exhibit that stood out from the rest, that was stamped with individuality, with the impress of the creator, was that of Fred P. Fawcett, of Cairo, Ills. Every feature of the exhibit bore the stamp of one man's ability to rise way above the level of the ordinary. That exhibit would have won (indeed I believe it did) when shown beside exhibits of workers in that Art gathered from all over the world. Mr. Fawcett's exhibit was of photographs, which in posing, lighting, finishing, technique and execution showed them to be far above the average. As such, they were a self-justified exhibit, and a self-commanding triumph.

Had they been the mere ordinary everyday types Mr. Fawcett would have had no excuse for sending them to be shown as a deaf man's work.

Fawknar would have been justified in having his display placarded something like this:

These specimens of Modern Art Photography are by F. P. Fawknar, of Cairo, Ill. Mr. Fawknar does all his own work, in spite of his deafness, and people in his home city are glad to pay him higher prices than they pay his competitors because he does better work.

Sounds a bit egotistical, perhaps, but justified because it brings out my point, and Spear's too, for this is just what Spear refers to, and what he is driving at in this matter of exhibitions, and that is that there isn't the shadow of a justification for gloating over the fact that a deaf man can make a pair of shoes, build a boat, or run a newspaper plant just as good as a hearing man can, and the public do not have to be educated on this point, but, as with his hearing brother, as some one has said, if he can make a *better* mousetrap than his neighbor, the world will make a path to his door, even though it be in the heart of the woods."

New York City's oral school on 23rd Street has grown from a room-full to several hundred. Now and then items appear in the dailies concerning it, and a recent one in the *Evening World* told of new industrial methods there that "enable the deaf to become self supporting." It further stated that prior to the existence of this school the reverse was the case. It is a pity that the City of New York should support a school that gives out such untrue and harmful information.

ALEX. L. PACH.

**N. F. S. D.—N. A. D.—NOTICE
ROCK ISLAND LINES**

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 20, 1914.

MR. A. L. PACH,
570 Fifth Ave., New York City.

DEAR SIR:—In compliance with your personal request of the 19th instant, for information as to rates available in connection with the meeting of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, at Omaha, and the National Association of the Deaf, at San Francisco.

For the first named meeting there will be no special round trip fares named, the regular one way rates applying in each direction, which are—from New York \$30.11 via the standard lines, and \$27.11 via the differential lines. Lower standard Pullman berth \$7.50; upper berth \$6.00.

For the latter meeting the Trunk Line Association has not as yet published a tariff quoting the through rate to San Francisco, but it is understood that it will be, approximately, \$88.80 via standard lines, and \$94.30 differential. Tickets at this rate will be good going via any direct line, returning any other, and will permit stopover at Omaha to enable members to attend meeting at that point, as well as permitting stopover at any point route west of Omaha on the going trip, and at any point west of Chicago on the return—also at the regular authorized stopover points east of Chicago or St. Louis. For those desiring to go or return via Portland it is anticipated the arbitrary charge will be \$17.50 additional, but this has not as yet been fully determined.

The Pullman berth rate (lower) from New York to San Francisco, permitting stopover at Omaha, is \$18.50; upper \$14.50.

If you desire further detailed information in connection with routes, etc., I shall be very glad to furnish same.

Yours very truly,
K. E. PALMER.
G. E. P. A.

DEAF MUTE SAVED CHILDREN'S LIVES

Sign Language Brought Into Use

PARIS, Dec. 10 (By mail to New York).—How a deaf mute was the means of saving many children's lives during the capture of Vermelles, is described by an officer present. The Germans had placed women and children in the schoolhouse, on top of which they had posted two machine guns. The French attacking party could see the guns, and at times the head of a German would appear at the window. The French dared not fire for fear of hitting the children.

**KANSAS SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF FOOT-BALL TEAM
Season of 1914**



From left to right, top row: Davis, sub. q. b.; Powell, sub.; Steinhauer, l. h. b.; Mr. Taylor, mgr. and coach; Jackson, r. h. b.; Weber, r. t.; Grier, end.

From left to right, middle row: Brown, c.; W. Wendt, r. e.; Rawlings, capt., l. t.; Houze, f. b.; Bower, q. b.

From left to right, bottom row: O. Wendt, l. e.; Calkins, sub.; Paxton, l. g.; Haefner, r. g.; Cunningham, center.

*Col. of Emporia	105	K. S. D. 0	Kansas City U. 0	K. S. D. 14
*Ottawa U.	46	K. S. D. 0	Ottawa Academy 0	K. S. D. 13
Kansas City U.	0	K. S. D. 26	Argentine A. Club 0	K. S. D. 48
Independence H. S.	6	K. S. D. 26	Argentine H. S. 6	K. S. D. 80
Platte City H. S.	0	K. S. D. 34		
K. C. Col. of Phar.	0	K. S. D. 34	Totals..... 163	Totals.... 284

*Practice games.

But the colonel had received orders that the village must be carried on the 5th. He was making observations from behind a cracked wall and wondering how he could save the children. There were the machine guns straight ahead, as though jeering at him, but there below were the children playing in the street. Suddenly he noticed a deaf mute who was making signs to the children, and an idea flashed through his mind. He called one of his men and said, "I have heard you say that you understand the deaf and dumb language."

"Yes, Colonel, I do."

"Well, you see that man yonder in the school. Do you understand the signs he is making?"

"Yes, Colonel, I do."

"Then take this handglass and project the sun on his face, so as to attract his attention, and when I give you the word, tell him to get the children into the right-hand corner of the classroom, without arousing suspicion. Tell him also to let you know when he has done this."

The order was obeyed, and the Colonel called ten of his best marksmen and posted them behind a wall, from which they could overlook the school. As soon as the deaf mute signalled that the children were in safety, the riflemen picked off one after another, the Germans working the machine guns, and at the same time the infantry charged the schoolhouse. Ten minutes later Vermelles was in the hands of the French and the children safe.—Trenton Times-Advertiser.

A soul exasperated in ills, falls out
With everything, its friend, itself.

—Addison.

The good man, even though overwhelmed by misfortune, loses never his inborn greatness of soul. Camphor-wood burnt in the fire becomes all the more fragrant.—Sataka.

**Alexander L. Pach Starts
New Studio**



Mr. Alexander L. Pach for many years a member of the firm of Pach Bros., photographers, New York City, has severed his connection with the firm and started a new Studio of his own. It is located in the Trinity building at 111 Broadway, where he will be glad to serve his many friends with first-class work in the photographic line. When business conditions warrant he expects to open a branch studio up town.

THE SILENT WORKER

Silent Worker.

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second class matter.]

JOHN P. WALKER, M. A., Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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VOL. XXVII. FEBRUARY, 1915. No. 5

SPREADING SUNSHINE

There are few among the deaf or blind whose cares and responsibilities have increased more rapidly, during the past ten years, than those of Helen Keller, and yet she has grown and broadened gracefully with them all and as her days and her burdens so her strength has been; and Miss Helen with all her lectures, her correspondence, and her social duties, ever has time to step aside for an act of kindness or encouragement to those around her who seem to be less fortunate than she.

There is perhaps no one today who will testify more gratefully to this than Richard Brown, who, bereft of sight, is spending his declining years at the Masonic Home in Burlington. Early in the year he received one of Miss Keller's messages of good cheer, in raised type. It tells of her Christmas and of her contemplated trip to California, in the same elegant diction that she would use in addressing Dr. Bell himself, and if Miss Keller could see the happiness that beams from Richard's face as, day after day he goes over and over again the precious document, she would know that there was another star in her already glorious crown.

MILITARY DRILL

In a small school the matter of discipline is one that gives little solicitude, but, as the number of pupil increases, the question becomes a more serious one, and when the enrolment reaches five or six hundred the problem is a most serious one. Dr. Currier solved it some years ago by establishing military discipline, and the passing years have confirmed him in his belief that good order and a fine *esprit de corps* is brought about by a military regime. The idea has been taken up by a number of other schools for the deaf in our county and in every case it appears to have proved a success. The

regime has come under the notice of the school authorities of New York city and the question of its adoption is being seriously discussed. Mayor Mitchell has been quite taken with the suggestion, and is to confer with General Leonard Wood, head of the department of the East of the United States army, and discuss with him the plan for public school military training which Secretary of War Garrison has gone on record already as approving. The Mayor wants to get all the information possible before reaching any conclusion on so radical a step. Personally he believes that military training is a great thing to develop young men both physically and mentally, but whether or not the training should be extended to the children in the public schools is to his mind another and a serious matter. It might be that a conference with Dr. Currier would do much to clarify the atmosphere for him as it did for us.

IS IT A FACT?

A recent issue of an educational journal tell us that:—"Statistics for the United States indicate a higher mortality in tuberculosis for the teaching profession than for the unhealthy occupation of stone cutter or saloon-keeper. The reasons are: Bad Air and Lack of Sufficient and Proper Exercise in the open air. It would seem that teachers more than most other workers would know the value of exercise. But think over those teachers who are your friends. How many of them walk instead of riding? How many of them spend their leisure out-of-doors rather than in the house, the theater, or the shops? Should not teachers as a class be conspicuous for their splendid carriage and their perfect habits of breathing? Are they so conspicuous?" If this is true, teachers of the deaf certainly are exceptions. We have known a great many of them, during the last few decades, and while here and there one has fallen, early, by the way side, the rank and file have lived and are living long and healthy lives. It has been a fact that they have known the value of exercise and they have taken it religiously, they have known the value of the out of doors, and they have lived there all they could; they have walked instead of riding whenever possible and they have outlived the stone-cutter and the saloon-keeper by a mile. There may be things you can truthfully say of teachers, but this does not appear to us as being one of them. She knows that her health is the most important article of her "stock in trade" and she conserves it with the greatest care and in the vast majority of cases lives to a healthy and happy old age. Statistics like figures sometimes misrepresent assets.

DOCTORS DISAGREEING

The following definition of the oral method, given by a high authority and widely accepted, would appear to us to be quite as good an explanation of what combined

methods are:—"Speech and speech-reading, together with writing, are made the chief means of instruction, and facility in speech and speech-reading, as well as mental development and written languages, is aimed at. There is a difference in different schools in the extent to which the use of natural signs is allowed in the early part of the course, and also in the prominence given to writing as an auxiliary to speech and speech-reading in the course of instruction; but they are different only in degree, and the end aimed at is the same in all."

Where natural signs and writing are used in the school-room or outside of it, to any extent, there is surely a combination of methods, and yet where this combination occurs the methods of the school are in some cases called "oral" and sometimes combined. As in the case of the lady whose hair is nicely matched, it is often difficult to tell which is switch.

WEDDING BELLS

The announcement of the wedding of Edward Bradley and Marie Sieben which was made at the house of the latter on the occasion of the party given their friends on the 6th inst., came as a distinct surprise to the assembled guests and the flood of felicitations that followed almost carried the youthful couple off their feet. Both are recent graduates of our school, where, by their uniform adherence to rules, their assiduity in the performance of all tasks, and duties, and the attractiveness of their personality, they made every pupil and every official a life-long friend, and if good wishes at their old *alma mater* will avail anything they will have the healthiest, happiest, most prosperous lives that were ever lived.

SPRING WAKING.

A Snowdrop lay in the sweet, dark ground,
"Come out," said the Sun, "come out!"
But she lay quite still and she heard no sound;
"Asleep," said the Sun. "No doubt!"

The Snowdrop heard, for she raised her head,
"Look spry," said the Sun, "look spry!"
"It's warm," said the Snowdrop, "here in bed."
"Oh, fie!" said the Sun, "oh, fie!"

"You call too soon, Mr. Sun, you do!"
"No, no," said the Sun, "oh, no!"
"There's something above and I can't see through."
"It's snow," said the Sun, "just snow."

"But I say, Mr. Sun, are the robins here?"
"Maybe," said the Sun, "maybe;"
"There wasn't a bird when you called last year."
"Come out," said the Sun, "and see!"

The Snowdrop sighed, for she liked her nap,
And there wasn't a bird in sight,
But she popped out of bed in her white nightcap;
"That's right," said the Sun, "that's right!"

And, as soon as that small nightcap was seen,
A robin began to sing;
The air turned warm, and the grass turned green.
"Tis spring!" laughed the Sun, "tis spring!"

SCHOOL and CITY



February.

Ground-hog day.

The term half over.

Cherries soon will be ripe.

An empty hospital as usual.

We've used our sleds but once.

The parcel post is a boon to us all.

We are getting close to the 190 mark.

The last of our chestnut trees is dead.

Two more girls are expected this week.

The mid-year examinations have begun.

How many valentines do you think you will get?

Mrs. Ernest expects to be among our Easter guests.

Pauline Karpowicz is our latest arrival. She came on Tuesday.

Our linotype operators are going to print our report as they did last year.

The girls are taking great interest in their gymnasium work, this year.

There is a fine new palm in our centre corridor, a present from Mr. Goeller.

Miss Bergen takes charge of the girls' reading hour on Sunday and does finely.

Mary Sommers spent the day at Skillman, on Tuesday, visiting Annie Mayer.

There's a bit of bright green sticking up here and there on the lawns already.

Geo. Hummel is feeling very sad at present over the death of a favorite aunt.

There was a shower of sparks, in our yards during the big fire, on Monday night.

The girls had quite a snow-ball fight, during the light snow, the other morning.

The Sunday Ledger's supplement pictures are fine. We'd like to know the process.

John MacNee is quite anxious about his mother, who has not been very well of late.

The pupils already are looking forward to Easter and the boxes and visits it will bring.

Our trees all looked as if they were made of snow when we got up on Monday morning.

Miss Taylor had a little theatre party for her class on Friday evening and all were delighted.

A big apple is again offered as a prize to the boy or girl who first sees a robin on our lawn.

The girl monitors were guests of Miss Brian at the Palestine Exhibition on Thursday evening.

John Dugan expects to lose his brother soon, but only by marriage and he won't be far away.

Everybody is wishing for good skating on the lake so that we can have another carnival there.

Our magazine list has been subscribed for and we soon shall begin to see all the old faces again.

Wednesday's lesson to the cooking class was on "Fruit Salad," and you should have seen the salad.

When Sarah Hartman was about twelve years old she visited one of the schools for the deaf in Belgium.

Four of our boys are members of the Wilbur Y. M. C. A. this year, but they do not have much time to devote to it.

The hard times have effected some of the deaf of our state and several of them are, at present, out of employment.

Our two new lights on the industrial building are fine on dark nights. The light out front is an improvement also.

Arthur Long is again with us, and has entered with more interest than ever upon his school duties and linotype work.

Miss Whelan told the girls the story of "The Girl of the Golden West," on Thursday, much to their pleasure and edification.

Frank Hoppaugh is greatly interested in the Civil Service examinations, and says he is going to take some of them by-and-by.

Miss Bilbee took a party of the girls down to see the ruins of the Roebling fire. They all were surprised at the extent of it.

Anna Klepper and Anna Robinson both, have just had birthdays. Each is fifteen, and they are almost exactly of the same weight.

What do you think is Josephine Kulikowski's favorite dish? One of her little friends says it is macaroni. We wonder if this is so.

Edith Tussey made May Lotz's new dress and to show her appreciation, May's mother sent Edith a big bunch of Italian violets last week.

We all shall be glad when the new bridge over the canal at Hamilton Ave., is finished, as it is on our short cut to the heart of the city.

The boys took a preliminary canter on the baseball field, Wednesday afternoon. It was rather forcing the season, but they all enjoyed it.

Our basket-ball team hopes to have a game with the Newark five on Washington's Birthday. Mr. Walker has guaranteed the expenses.

You would have thought that the game with the White Horse Tigers might be a hard one, but it was, on the contrary devoid of all roughness.

Thirteen cannot be an unlucky number because Anna Klepper has her birthday on the 13th, and she is always very healthy, happy, and lucky.

Katie Brigantie got a gentle bump from an auto, while down town, a few days ago, just enough to call her attention to the dangers of crossing the street.

Esther is a born teacher, and loves nothing better, during the play hours than to take the babies to the big play-room and direct their games and recreations.

Our little folks did not think that mice could be turned into horses, but they now know that a fairy can do it. They saw it with their own eyes on Friday.

A comparison of notes among our boys, a few days ago, developed the fact that the majority of them had never tasted liquor. They had "hit the trail" before they ever heard of Sunday.

The reading hour on Sunday morning was devoted to the little papers from the various schools for the deaf, and many interesting bits of news were gleaned from them by the children.

Among the Christmas enjoyments of Louis Otten and Eddie Mayer was a walk from Carlstadt to West Hoboken, a distance of about seven miles, taken on the 24th of December.

Two of our boys have been watching closely the operations of the moving picture houses in town, and have about made up their minds to establish such a house in their native city and operate it in partnership.

We had a fine view of the Roebling fire from our upper stories, and the children spent quite a while looking at it. It burned for five hours and was a thrilling sight. We all regret greatly that Mr. Roebling should have sustained such a loss.

Mr. Johnson took Esther Woelper and Wm. Felts to church with him on Sunday morning and had them recite the Lord's prayer for the congregation. Everybody was greatly interested. Esther and William afterwards dined with Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Wan, the manager of the State St. Theatre, despite the fact that "Cinderella" was one of the greatest attractions he had ever staged, found space for us and every one, from the youngest to the oldest, witnessed the splendid presentation of the fairy tale on Friday afternoon.

The following pictures accompanied our lecture by Mr. Walker, Saturday evening:

REEL ONE

First Subject, "Book Making"—Showing a general view of the plant; the presses; the different sections collected by machinery; stitching, trimming; the back of the volume glued and strengthened by a band of linen.

Second Subject—"Artistic Glass Making."

REEL TWO

"Rope Making by hand in England"—Preparing hemp; weaving hemp into strands; Making 3-inch rope.

Making straw hats—women and girls plaiting the straw; drying, shaping and ironing; the last touch to make the hats ready for the market. Making Birch Brooms.

REEL THREE

"Hearst-Selig News Pictorial No. 60, 1914—Boston people join move to end war; U. S. merchant marine; the American liner St. Louis, one of the largest trans-Atlantic steamers flying the U. S. flag; scene in New York harbor; Admiral Fletcher made commander of fleet; Grape Day festival in California. War Pictures—Belgian army blocking roadway to stop German advance; Belgian Cavalry; Bicycle Corps; Hearst-Selig photographers taking war pictures.

REEL FOUR

"Foot-ball at Cornell;" Cayuga Lake and valley from Cornell University; Mill Falls; Fall Creek Falls; Noontime on the campus; the Varsity team; afternoon practice; bucking the line; tackling; the football aspirant; they decide to make a "Star" of him; the try-out, not as easy as it looks; the day of the "Big" game.

SPECIAL

A two-reel Selig Comedy, "The Moving Picture Cowboy." Good NIGHT.

FOUND

On Monday, Jan. 4th, on the front porch, a gold pin, inlaid with blue and white, with the words "Wray Memorial" on the blue and on the white, a cross and crown, the letters S. S., and "second year"; blue pendant attached, marked third year." Owner will obtain by application at the office.

FROM FAR-AWAY AUSTRALIA

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Again I have joy and pleasure in wishing you a Merry Xmas and A Happy New Year, also, all your "Silent Worker" writers and readers. I thank you for the copy of the "Worker" you send me month after month; it goes the rounds of several members of our adult society and is highly appreciated by all. Oft-times when on a visit an article written by one or other of your writers will create quite a lively discussion and expression of opinion among us. We will compare our opinions of the writers, discuss their merits and demerits and their characteristics, which of all we like best, reasons why and wherefore, etc., etc., until it's time for the hostess to say: "We will have a cup of tea before you go?" (after the tea). "Good-night. Good-night. I hope you have enjoyed yourself." "Yes, oh, yes. Very much so with the Yankees."

Coming Into Line

This young country is certainly coming into line with the older countries of the world in matters regarding the deaf and dumb. We have hawkers and others of an undesirable nature—it is principally the "others" who are card sellers, going about the country selling cards, the cost of which is infinitesimal at a price which is nothing less than robbery; then there is the out-and-out beggar. It is a good thing we have not much of either class; the few we determined to stop them. With that object, a deputation from the A. D. D. A. waited upon the Chief-Commissioner of Police and laid the matter before him. He gave the deputation a patient hearing and said he would communicate with the District Superintendents of Police throughout Victoria on the subject. He also advised that publicity be given to the matter in the Press. These steps taken seem to have had a good effect as nothing has been heard of the "undesirables" since.

The Flower Farm

Owing to the prevailing Australian drought the manager and his staff at the Farm have been almost at their wit's end to keep things growing. They have, however, managed creditably well. The word "impossible" does not seem to be in the manager's dictionary. Difficulties, he contends, are made to be overcome. The more difficulties he has the better he enjoys himself. That's Abraham all over.

Assistant Missionary

Mr. Paul, a young chap from Ayr, Scotland, has arrived to take up the duties of assistant to Mr. Abraham. Mr. Paul's duties will be the religious and instructional work among the adult deaf, while Mr. Abraham attends to the farm. If it is true that "Guid gear gangs in wee bulk," then, the Victorian deaf have got a bargain. Mr. Abraham is not very tall, but Mr. Paul is shorter, Mr. Abraham being "little and good." Should Mr. Paul prove "better." (?) For some months past the position has been temporarily filled by Mr. R. H. Luff, with every credit to himself and benefit to the deaf. Mr. Luff was one of the pupils of the far-famed Victorian Deaf and Dumb Institution. After leaving school he learned the trade of carpentry at which he was employed previous to his appointment as tempo-

rary assistant missionary. During his term of office his duties were to conduct the Sunday Services, the Bible class and manage other meetings; also visit the deaf at their homes and find work for those out of employment. It is worthy of note that quite a number of the old pupils of the Victorian Deaf & Dumb Institution fill responsible positions in the other states of the Commonwealth. In fact, the other states seem to look upon Victoria as a field from which to draw their supplies of workers, among whom the place of honour must be given to Mr. E. Salas who filled the position of missionary in South Australia for twenty-one years. All Victorians should be proud, and that, justly, of Mr. Salas' achievement, he being the first Australian Deaf

aprons and an underskirt. A fine list, truly enough to stock a shop. The war in Europe has given the "Workers" an impetus and they have entered with enthusiasm into the making of garments for the soldiers. One of the rooms at the "Centre" looked like a manufacturer's workroom with piles of worsteds, linens, etc., which the "Workers" had in front of them, behind them, to the right of them and to the left of them, while they went at it stitch! stitch!! stitch!! minus the poverty, hunger and dirt. As a result, they were able to send a first parcel to the Lady Mayoress of Melbourne, which consisted of 6 nightingales, 10 cholera belts, 4 pairs of knitted socks, 3 scarfs, 1 pair of mittens, 13 dozen large colored handkerchiefs, some bandages and old linen. Attached to each article were little cards on which cheering words were written by some of the members. A letter of thanks was promptly received from the Lady Mayoress after receipt of the parcel. Mrs. A. Williamson (Hon-Secretary) is busy at all times collecting for the patriotic Fund.

Rallies

Congregational rallies are held quarterly at the "Centre," which never fail to draw together nearly all the deaf of Melbourne and suburbs, attendance sometimes number 200 nearly. These rallies are usually held to fit in with some particular occasion. The last one held being known as the "Commemoration" rally in honor of Mr. E. J. D.

Abraham's arrival in Melbourne thirteen years ago. Another is known as the "Show" rally, it being held during Agricultural Show week when many of the deaf from the country districts visit Melbourne. Next one to be held will be "Christmas" rally. These gatherings are always of a social nature, providing dramatic entertainments, fancy dress parades, competitions for anything and everything, parlor games, conversations, or, go as you please. And, always, they finish up with the inevitable tea.

How's This?

NOTISS
DRY FRUTH FOR SALE
PLOMS & PERS MIXT

Such was a notice I came across on a gate up the country some time ago.

I think I had better draw this long letter to a close—you will be thinking I have had an attack of *cacaethes scribendi* and that badly. I am sending you by same mail a copy of the "Weekly Times" Annual as I did last year.

Yours sincerely,
A. W.
Melbourne.

Mirth is God's medicine. Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety,—all this rust of life, ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth. It is better than emery. Every man ought to rub himself with it. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.—*Beecher*.



GIPPSLAND LAKES, KALIMNA.

CADWALLADER WASHBURN



By George Vere in the *Bellman*.

On the opposite page appears a short article by Cadwallader Washburn describing how he came to take up the particular branch of artistic work in which he has become such a master, and through this issue of *The Bellman* appears a number of reproductions of his etchings. From these examples the high quality and wide scope of the work which he does is plainly to be seen, and it is of the man rather than of the artist that I would speak.

Picture a small, spare man, with fair hair turning to gray and searching blue-gray eyes that glance quickly hither and thither, observing everything, missing nothing that comes within the radius of their vision, and lurking in them, veiled but unmistakable and every now and again flashing out, that precious spark of humor which is the sauce of life.

Imagine also a man who can converse easily, fluently and, above all, interestingly in three languages; who has travelled round the world, has studied his art in Paris, Madrid, Italy and Holland, was in Japan at the time of the Russo-Japanese war and in Mexico during the revolution; who, some years ago penetrated into the interior of Morocco, in defiance of all expert advice, with but a single companion, and became on the most excellent terms with the natives; and who only recently added shipwreck to the list of his adventures: then, when you have got the picture in your mind, realize that this man is deaf and dumb, and you have some idea of the personality of Cadwallader Washburn.

With most men such an affliction would have proved a serious handicap in whatever walk in life they were minded to go; with Washburn it is absurd to speak of deafness as an affliction at all. It is rather a natural quality which he returned to its best uses in acquiring an additional power of concentrating his attention upon whatever is before him.

That concentration is, indeed, added to an indefatigable energy, the most salient characteristic of the man. Always a devoted student of nature, it is perhaps not generally known that his graduating thesis at the Kendall Green College, Washington, was on "The Mind of the Spider," an essay which was thought so highly of that the superintendent of the public schools in Washington asked the author's permission to incorporate it in the fifth reader for use in the schools. And yet another paper of which he has been guilty is on "The Psychology of a Chrysalis." I have not read the article myself, but I am very sure that the most secret thoughts and desires of a chrysalis are mercilessly exposed and subjected to analysis by this observant artist.

Cadwallader Washburn was born on October 31, 1866, in Minneapolis, the son of Senator William Drew Washburn, who for six years was the respected representative of Minnesota in the United States Senate. At the age of five years he lost his hearing through sickness and his early education was received at the deaf and dumb school at Faribault, Minnesota, whence he proceeded to the Kendall Green College for the Deaf and Dumb at Washington, where he graduated in the class of 1890.

Joining the class of 1893 at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he commenced to study architecture, but the work proving too trying for his eyes, after twelve months, he migrated to New York and joined the Art Students' League, studying under Siddons Mowbray and, subsequently, under Chase.

The winter of 1896 found him in Spain, and in the following summer he was studying the Dutch masters in Holland. Returning to Madrid in 1897, he put himself under the tutelage of Sorolla, whose favorite pupil he became. His trip to Morocco came in 1898.

After two or three years of study in Paris, notably under Albert Besnard, Washburn spent the winter of 1902-3 in Venice, where, as he describes in his article, he first began to practice etching. In 1903, he was in Cuba; the following year saw him living in an old

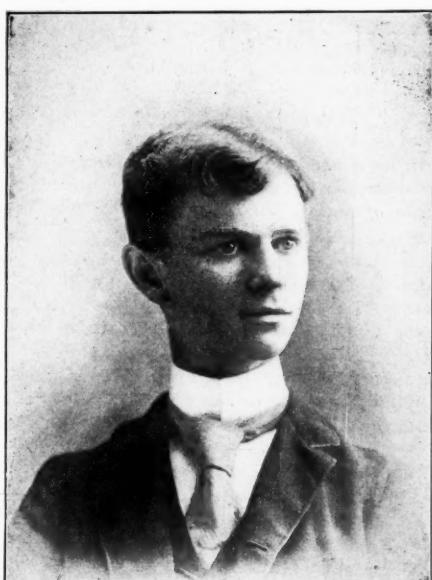
temple at Kyoto, in Japan, and since then most of his winters have been spent in the fascinating City of Mexico and at Cuernavaca, where some of his best work has been produced.

For the past ten years, 1897 to 1907, Cadwallader Washburn was a constant exhibitor in the Paris salons; but perhaps the two most remarkable things about him are that he gets up five-thirty every morning of his life and that he is quite happy holding on to one end of a fishing pole, even if he never gets a bite.

HOW I TOOK UP ETCHING

By Cadwallader Washburn in the *Bellman*.

"The spring of 1903 discovered me in Italy; the weather conditions then prevalent played a large factor in influencing development of interest and, later, choice of work in etching. Notwithstanding



CADWALLADER L. WASHBURN

Artist, Minnesota.

Photo taken about fifteen years ago.

that my baggage carried a choice selection of paints, brushes and other accessories, I was destined to abandon their use under circumstances favorable to acquiring a general knowledge of the rudiments of etching.

Enthusiasm over exhibition of paintings which I had visited by Fritz Thaulow, the Swedish water-painter, and ambition to study the changing light effects on water, were responsible for my settlement in Venice during that spring.

However, the weather conditions were against my outlined plan of work, one day being as unsatisfactory as the other for this class of work. It was my wont when thus baffled to retreat to the Academia di Belle Arti, and also the New National Gallery of Venice, and there to study the Titians, Tintoretos, Trepolos, drawings of Alberti Durer; and at the later gallery, an interesting collection of etchings embracing Whistler's charming series. Each day that I was frustrated from work in the open air would find me deep in the study of the Whistler etchings, each line scrutinized with enthusiasm with the aid of a small but powerful magnifying glass, which I carried with me in my vest pocket.

These frequent trips to the gallery culminated in my decision to try my hand in etching. But where was I to buy my first things? In Venice there was no place to get copper plates and tools. However, once my mind was made up to etch, I was determined to see no obstacles. One day I took my grip and hurried away to Paris, with the sole purpose in mind of acquiring a complete etching outfit.

My first day was very busy; my first purchase was a second-hand printing press. Next I procured and introduction to an American etcher of some local reputation; his studio or workshop was at once visited, and the object of my mission explained. I was shown the process of etching, from grounding of plate to the pulling of print.

Confident in ability to manipulate the tools, I sped back to Venice and sat down earnest to work. The first month was one long series of failures; one disappointment overtopped another; but my stock of patience stood by me in the trying ordeal. The first difficulty was inability to regulate the biting of lines which were either over or under bitten. It may be observed that etching acid corrodes metal quickly or slowly according to its temperature; kept at a temperature of fifty degrees Fahrenheit, it acts twice as long as at a temperature of ninety degrees. The importance of maintaining a stationary temperature is seen to be essential to exercise control over one's lines. Countless plates were ruined as the result of ignorance of proper manipulation of the acid bath.

Two months of continuous experimenting and two trips to Munich, where examples of high-class etchings were to be seen, were rewarded with the production of the four plates: "Casa Cecchino," "Casa d'Oro," "Grand Canal" and "Square in Verona," the three former belonging to Frederick Keppel & Company.

Though the rudiments of etching proper were fairly mastered in the scope of a few months, I was yet

to encounter the great difficulties which beset one in the inking and printing of his plate. The proper consistency of ink must be studied, its thinness and thickness correspond to the character of lines bitten, whether deep, or delicate like hair. In printing, it must be remembered, too, proper padding of the plate preparatory to pressure is also governed by the character of plate.

It may be said with correctness and reason that the stamp of excellence in Whistler's etching is ascribed to his genius in printing. His lines are easily distinguished for their exceeding delicacy of touch. Let an etching printer, even one of life experience, manipulate a Whistler plate; he can not for love or money pull a print that will carry the delicate hair lines delicately in the self-printed plates.

JENKINS MEMORIAL FUND.

COMMITTEE

Geo. S. Porter, *Chairman*.

John Black	Charles Cascella
W. Atkinson	Mrs. M. Glynn

Bulletin No. 3

*Mr. John P. Walker.....	\$5.00
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Porter.....	2.00
Mr. A. L. Pach.....	2.00
*Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stephenson.....	2.00
Mr. E. A. Hodgson.....	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heyman.....	1.00
*Mr. B. H. Sharp.....	1.00
*Miss Mary R. Wood.....	1.00
Mr. George Morris.....	1.00
*Miss Bertha Bilbee.....	1.00
Mr. Walter Throckmorton.....	1.00
Albert C. Titus.....	.50
*Miss Elizabeth Hall.....	.25
*Pledges.	
Total to date.....	\$18.75

It is hoped that the Committee will make personal appeals to as many of the deaf as possible. Send reports of all collections monthly to the Silent Worker, Trenton, N. J., which will be added to the Bulletins that follow. Steps will soon be made to have a duly appointed treasurer of the Fund.

GEO. S. PORTER,
Local Custodian.

Who hath not known ill-fortune, never knew Himself, or his own virtue.—Mallet.



Pupils gathering walnuts on grounds of Alabama School



Thanksgiving Pantomime, Alabama School, showing scene in Puritan Times

HEARING

A Talk With The Children

Next to eyesight hearing is the most valuable of the senses. While it is much easier for a deaf person to make a living than it is for a blind person, yet many occupations are closed to the deaf. A deaf person is usually more unhappy than a blind person, for everybody is good to the blind, but many people are irritable with the deaf—since no one likes to repeat and shout what one has said. Hence the deaf soon come to believe that people don't like them, and often when they don't hear what is said they suspect that something disagreeable is being said about them. So the deaf are apt to become irritable, morose, and unhappy.

Hearing is appreciated fully only after it is lost, yet it is much easier to prevent deafness than to cure it. People should really have their ears examined several times each year just as many people do nowadays with their teeth.

Here are a few of the *don'ts* that will help to prevent deafness. *Don't stick anything in the ear.* There is an old saying that nothing smaller than the elbow should be put in the ear. And it is quite a true one. The least slip of the hair-pin or the toothpick, which are so frequently used to "clean" the ear, may rupture the delicate drum membrane. This does not in itself mean deafness—for one often can hear very well with a hole in the ear drum. But if germs are present—and they usually are—an abscess may be started by the injury and lead to deafness or even to loss of life. You may ask, "How then are we going to keep our ears clean?" Just wash the outside to the opening of the ear canal. The canal will take care of itself for there are little hairs in it that push everything out. When you try to clean out the earwax you often build a dam by pushing the wax back. Then the wax collects until it gets to be a solid plug which causes temporary deafness and may lead to permanent injury of the ear drum by pressing on it.

Don't blow your nose hard. A great deal of deafness is caused by blowing the nose too hard. If you have a cold and blow hard enough to make your ears "pop," you may blow the cold germs up the little tube that runs from the nose to the ear and cause an abscess. And abscesses are dangerous to hearing and to life as well. Frequent severe blowing of the nose makes the ear drum flabby and leads to deafness.

Don't strike anyone on the ear. A slap or blow on the ear, even if not very hard, may break the ear drum by compressing the air in the ear canal.

Don't neglect a discharging ear. You will hear people say, "It's only a running ear—that amounts to nothing." This is not true. A discharging ear means an acute or chronic abscess in the ear. This is a very serious disease, not only dangerous to hearing but also to life. The middle ear cavity, where the abscess forms is very close to the brain. If at any time the openings through which the abscess drains are stopped up, trouble is sure to follow. A person with

an ear abscess (particularly a chronic one) who is not having it treated is like a person sitting on an open keg of powder smoking a cigar—nothing may come of it, but if a spark drops, look out! And a drop of pus is the spark in the case of the "running" ear—if it gets into the brain there is an explosion of that dreadful disease meningitis (brainfever).—*Bulletin of the St. Louis Health Department.*

BON-MOTS

(From "Measure for Measure")

I love the people,
But I do not like to stage me to their eyes
A looker on here in Vienna

We would and we would not.

At war twixt will and will not.

Condemn the fault and not the actor of it.

Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall.

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?

We must not make a scarecrow of the law.

The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.

What's mine is yours and what's yours is mine.

Spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues.

Truth is truth to the end of reckoning, and liberty plucks justice by the nose.

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good.

The miserable have no other medicine but only hope.

There at the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana.

"Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus, another thing to fall;
And let him learn to know when maidens sue—
Men give like Gods.

Back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn.

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

When rich villians have need of poor ones
Poor ones may make what price they will.

Shame on him, whose cruel striking
Kills for fault of his own liking.

It oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not
what we mean.

O, it is excellent;
A giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

I must die
I will encounter darkness as a bride
And hug it in my arms.

How would you be
If He which is the top of judgment should
But judge you as you are?

The jury passing on a prisoner's life
May in a sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him that try.

They say the best men are moulded out of faults,
And for the most became much more the better.
For being a little bad.

But man, proud man.
Dres't in a little brief authority.
* * * * like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As makes the angels weep.

No ceremony that to great one's longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the depited sword,
The marshalls' truncheon, nor the judge's rose,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible, warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods or to reside
In thrilling region of thick ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world * * * * *
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise

To what we fear of death. "O."

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And ev'ry grin so merry draws one out.

—Peter Pindar.

NEWARK NOTES

Random Briefs and Sketches of the Metropolis

BY J. ADLON

Once again we have had a brief season of holidays come and go; once again we have seen an old year with its worries and disillusionments pass and welcomed a new year with earnest hopes of a better fortune.

Newark, like every other city of its size, was busy, with the task of spreading cheer and good-will toward all on the greatest of feasts—Christmas.

The weather man had not disappointed those romantic ones who insist that a Christmas must be white in order to be real. On Christmas eve there was a light fall of snow that clad the entire city and surrounding country in a cloak of ermine.

Christmas day itself was an ideal winter's day, cold clear and brisk, and the lover of the ice sport had ample opportunity to indulge their particular fancy.

Then there was another side, the side where only shadow falls—the hundreds of those unfortunates who, through quaint perversities of Fate had not the means to make the day bright for their loved ones or themselves. As in previous years the city and a large number of public and private organizations had undertaken to provide at least a dinner for those poor and needy ones and spread a little cheer into those dark and squalid tenement rooms where only Chill Penury is known.

It was Christmas, but rather a lean one. The number of those out of employment was appalling. The shops were crowded but not overcrowded. Purchases were made but not with that care-free attitude that characterized the throng of shoppers in previous years. The passing of the old year and welcoming the new were celebrated in an entirely different manner. Early on New Year's eve a throng of merry-makers promenaded up and down the principal thoroughfares armed with all sorts of noisemaking devices. The old year was passing out and a new year with hopes and promises for a change to the better was coming in. Surely this was to make even the most cynical and morose forget their troubles, for a brief time at least. The noise that started with the stroke of twelve cannot be described in mere words. Some enterprising individuals who were prone to make themselves conspicuous were seen drawing strings of cow bells along behind them.

The crowd was extremely large but well-be-haved, so those of Newark's "finest" who were detailed on duty found little or nothing to do save join in the general hilarity.

A large number of organizations had arranged entertainments or parties on New Year's eve, among them the New Jersey Deaf-Mutes' Society, and in the course of the evening a life and gaiety developed itself there that will be long remembered by the many participants.

Mr. John M. Black, who is the "house father" of the New Jersey Society, had diligently applied the broom and duster; the floors were waxed to perfection, so one could not help feeling cheerful with everything "spick and span."

And there was President Charles Cascella as of yore, affable and wearing the smile that refuses to come off, with a few words of greeting and welcome. It is needless to say that everyone felt "at home." At the stroke of twelve the members formed a column and paraded around the rooms. In the course of this "romp" several members who, by reason of the years they have behind them appear as sedate, developed an energy and gaiety that goes to prove that time-honored adage that "a man is only as old as he feels."

The Committee on Entertainments had seen to it that the inner man was satisfied. There was an excellent "cold snack" served that helped to increase the merriment. Only when the first streaks of dawn announced the approach of another day did the guests rouse themselves to go home, tired but unanimous in their praise of the New Jersey Society's hospitality.

Perhaps one of the most enjoyable affairs that "came off" in the period immediate before the holi-



Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McClelland, in Mountain View, N. J.

days was the Birthday party Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Smith gave in honor of their daughter Jemima at their residence, 528 East 18th St., Paterson, N. J., on the evening of December 11th, 1914. A large number of Miss Jemima's friends and schoolmates had gathered to help make her natal day an enjoyable one. She was the recipient of many handsome and valuable gifts and was to all appearances very happy. Games of all sorts were indulged in, later in the evening an excellent supper was served at an artistically decorated table. White carnations and red roses formed the decorations. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Smith and daughter Jemima, the Misses Edna Van Wagoner, of Montclair; Frieda Heuser, Cora DeWitte, Rose Troyant and Etta Travis; the Messers. George Rigg, William Battersby and Robert Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. William Atkinson and daughter May, Miss Margaret Van Heemst, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Gillmann, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Spangenberg and children, of Lakeview, and Mr. J. Adlon, of Newark. The "Silent Worker's" representative had quite an adventure after this party, namely, by missing the last car for Newark he was compelled to remain in Paterson overnight. A walk around Paterson's streets under escort of two of that city's "finest," who helped him locate a friend's house, formed the principle feature of the adventure.

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The city of Newark is to celebrate its quadri-millennial next year. In point of fact, it will be the most elaborate celebration the city has ever seen. A Committee of One Hundred prominent citizens has been appointed to arrange the affair. They have met for organization and decided to give the affair every possible publicity. The affair will not be allowed to advertise itself merely by the announcement that it is going to be celebrated. An agent has been employed a year in advance to herald the affair all over the country. Special advertising on "Newark Day" at the San Francisco Fair is an excellent way of letting the nation know what Newark is and what she is going to do.

The proposition of having Newark's works and ways taken in motion pictures and shown throughout the land is also under consideration, which beyond doubt is the best form of publicity to demonstrate the city's growth from a mere hamlet of half dozen block houses to one of the country's leading industrial cities.

❖ ❖

A fancy costume party, under the auspices of the Newark Division No. 42, N. F. S. D., is the next social affair announced by that organization.

Mr. Wm. Shaw, of Orange, is the head of the

Committee of Arrangements and has been diligently at work perfecting details of arrangements to make the affair a success. The party will take place on the afternoon and evening of Washington's Birthday. The proceeds of the affair are to go to the local fund of the Newark Division—the fund that is set aside for giving financial aid to those of its members who may be out of employment or incapacitated through illness. This purpose is laudable and should have the support of all the deaf of this vicinity.

Mr. Shaw announces that various games for prizes will take place. Among the prizes to be awarded are several of Mr. Shaw's electrical devices, such as alarm clocks, door bells, etc. The Turnbull Auditorium has been secured for the purpose. Beyond doubt the deaf of the vicinity will be present in full force. Opportunity presents itself to meet old friends and renew the ties of acquaintance and to form new friendships which is and should be one of the purposes of the deaf. It not only increases and establishes a social standing but it brings those whose interests, tastes and aims coincide together. The result, eventually, is the progress of the deaf as a class. To those who would grasp this opportunity the information suffices.

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Several times the SILENT WORKER has published bulletins soliciting contributions to go to the Jenkins Memorial Fund. The local members of the Committee appointed at the Convention of the State Association have also considered it wise to take Time by the forelock and have announced that in a very short time they will open their campaign to swell the funds of this undertaking.

The Messrs. Cascella, Atkinson and Black who are the local custodians, are well known for their ability and energy. It is an open secret that as soon as this trio fires the first shot in their campaign there will be "something doing," or we have calculated far past the mark.

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A large number of the friends of Miss Marie Sieben were invited to a "surprise and birthday party" given in her honor at her residence, 329 Plane St. A large number took advantage of the invitation. The guests found, in the course of the evening, that a real "surprise" was to be sprung on them, for Mr. Harry Redman, who acted as master of ceremonies, announced with due solemnity that Miss Marie Sieben and Mr. Edward Bradley were married at the church of St. Joseph, the Rev. Edward Quick having performed the ceremony.

Both the bride and the groom are former pupils of the New Jersey School for the Deaf and two of the most popular of the local deaf.

PERSONAL MENTION

It is reported that Miss Ethel Collins, of Barrington, N. J., is quite ill.

Mrs. Henry Stengele, of Plainfield, N. J., recently underwent three operations—all successful.

Mr. Arthur C. Blake is now operating a linotype at the University Press in Princeton, N. J. He is on the night force.

The little girl that the stork brought to the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stevenson, of Trenton, N. J., last August 5th, has been named "Jean."

Mr. Stephen F. Sloat, formerly connected with the Morgan & Wilcox Mfg. Co., in Middletown, N. Y., is now in New Brunswick, N. J. Mr. Sloat is an expert at making furniture for printers' use. He is happily married.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Berner, well known at Fanwood in the eighties, are living on a little farm near Hopewell, N. J. They have reared nine children and a tenth was recently added. Surely there is no "race suicide" among the Berners.

Mr. Samuel McClelland, of Mountain View, N. J., has been retired on pension by the du Pont Powder Company of that place after a service of more than a quarter of a century in the Keg department.

Mr. W. E. Shaw writes that in the great fire of the Edison plant of Dec. 9th last, the building in which he is employed was unharmed. Mr. Shaw is working out an invention that will enable the deaf to hear and enjoy the records like hearing people.

Mrs. N. Moore and Miss Wilson, of Canada, accompanied by Mr. E. E. Bernsdorff, of the Auditor's Office, P. O. Department, Washington, D. C., recently paid the Silent Worker office a call. The ladies are now spending the winter in Florida.

Mr. J. A. West, of Dawson, Yukon Territory, in sending in his subscription to this paper states that the Deaf should stay away from Dawson unless they are willing to do hard work and suffer. When it is 60 degrees below zero everybody shuts themselves up in their houses. Even horses, dogs, etc., are locked up in cabins and barns during the coldest weather.

Gertrude, daughter of Mrs. Lizzie A. Douglas, of Gardner, Mass., recently won a \$500 fellowship at Cornell. Her other daughter Bessie is head of Domestic Science in the Quincy (Mass.) High School. Surely, they are daughters to be proud of.

Daniel W. Cary has been a compositor for Houghton Mifflin Co. of the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., for over twenty-five years. When only the highest class of work is turned out of this print-shop it may be easily inferred that Mr. Cary is no ordinary compositor to hold his place so long.

A Holy Communion Service was held at Trinity Chapel, Trenton, at ten o'clock Sunday Jan. 10th, the Rev. C. O. Dantzer officiating. Services in future will be held at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon, every fourth Sunday, instead of in the evening as formerly. It is likely that these services will be conducted by lay readers Reider and Lipsett alternately. They are connected with All Souls' Church, Philadelphia. This arrangement is contemplated because of the enormity of the work Pastor Dantzer has to do for his own congregation.

THE SILENT WORKER

Frank Widaman, of Greensburg, Pa., has returned home from a Christmas visit with the family of his brother in Warsaw, Indiana. He reports, having had a "bang up" time in Hoosierdom. He has been for more than 12 years employed as a wrapper in the packing department of Kelly & Joses' brass and iron valve works, south of Greensburg. He, in common with ten of his fellow-workmen, have just completed the work of taking stock and of course Frank is well-nigh played out.

DEAF POSTMASTER

Mr. C. E. Jones, a graduate of North Carolina School for the Deaf at Morganton, N. C., was appointed Postmaster at Lattimore, Cleveland County, North Carolina. This is a great honor to him, and his deafness is no bar to his success in business. It is believed that he is the only deaf postmaster in the United States. He is also president of North Carolina Association of the Deaf.

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



DOROTHY MERLE

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nolen of Los Angeles.



CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. A. CAPELLI

Anthony Emil, 13 years (standing). Joseph, 10 yrs. Frank, 7 yrs. William C., 15 yrs. Their father is assistant to Mr. Hodgson in the office of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal, New York.

THE SPICE BOX

By HARRY E. STEVENS.

Correct

Deaf Examiner—Now, speak, boy. Do you know what nasal organ means?

Boy—No, sir.

Examiner—Correct!—London Opinion.

An Advertisement.

Position wanted. Young architect with two years' experience wishes employment. Air castles a specialty.

The Cat Went Back

Mr. Reider—"They say the streets in Boston are frightfully crooked?"

Mr. Sanders—"They are. Why, do you know, when I first went there I could hardly find my way around.

Mr. Reider—"That must be embarrassing?"

Mr. Sanders—"It is. The first week I was there I wanted to get rid of an old cat we had, and my wife got me to take it to the river a mile away."

Mr. Reider—"And you lost the cat all right?"

Mr. Sanders—"Lost nothing! I never would have found my way home if I hadn't followed the cat!"

Exceptions.

Sound travels at the rate of 400 yards per second. Exceptions to the rule:

Scandal: 1000 yards.

Flattery: 500 yards.

Truth: 2½ yards.

Alarm clock: ! ! ! ! —Exchange.

The Prayer of the Horse.

"To thee, my master. I offer my prayer: Feed me and care for me, and when the day's work is done provide me with shelter, a clean, dry bed and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me some times, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins and don't whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat or kick me when I don't understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me; if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

"Examine my teeth when I don't eat. I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

"And finally, O my master, when my useful strength is gone do not turn me out to starve or freeze or sell me to some cruel owner to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do to me, my master, take my life in the kindest way and your God will reward you here and hereafter. You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of him who was born in a stable. Amen."

Observed

"Someone saw someone on someone's horse riding someone's chap last Tuesday."

Mightier!

The typewriter is mightier than the fountain pen except when signing checks.

CALLS IT A TREAT

I am glad to send you the money for the "Worker" again. I call it a "treat" every time it comes. I wish I could see your office. It is wonderful how you find so much good to put in. I guess you will find enough ahead to keep it alive a long time yet.

Lizzie A. Douglas,

Garden, Mass.

It is better to fall among crows than flatterers; for those devour the dead only, these the living.—*Antis-*

EXCHANGES

Army regulations of the United States bar the deaf from serving in the army. A recruit must be perfectly sound physically before he can enlist. But this rule does not obtain in Germany, where the deaf take an active part in the military service of their country. However, they do not carry guns and "take life easily" for it is their arduous task to dig trenches and to throw up breastworks. As many as 29 deaf men enlisted in Cologne at the beginning of the World War. In France seventeen deaf men, so says a newspaper report, have joined the army to bake bread.—*North Dakota Banner*.

The Kentucky Standard calls attention to an instance, only one among many, where modern improvements are a drawback to the deaf. This particular one is the installation of telephones in hotel rooms in the place of the good old push button with its "One ring, Ice water; Two rings, Bell boy; Three rings, Porter, etc." We can testify from personal experience as to the innovation. Three or four years ago we were on an auto trip with three other deaf fellows. We stopped for the night at a hotel in Fargo. We all occupied one large room. At bed time, when we had all undressed, it happened that we developed a raging thirst. There was a telephone in the room, but no push button. We determined to try the telephone anyway. So one of us took down the receiver, and after waiting a reasonable time, yelled "Water!" into the mouthpiece. Anxious waiting. No water came. The attempt was repeated, with the same lack of result. So we had to go thirsty to bed. Later on our chauffeur came in and we asked him for relief. Having ears to hear with, he tackled the telephone, and in a few minutes we had the longed-for water. The Standard suggests that the only way out of the difficulty is for the deaf guest to have a private understanding with the clerk so that when the telephone connected with his room merely rings, it will be understood as a call for a bell boy. When Dr. Bell invented the telephone, he was certainly a benefactor of the human race except the deaf part of it.—*Minn. Companion*.

THE DEAF MAN IN THE WAR ZONE

The Rev. F. Maginn of Belfast, while canvassing for subscriptions in Scotland, recently, was mistaken for a spy and arrested, but was subsequently released.

Another deaf gentleman, Mr. Noel G. Maddison, had an adventure that luckily ended without mishap. He was cycling near his home in Hants one evening, and failed to hear the order of a Territorial to stop.

Not so fortunate was a Mr. Atwood, who, proceeding to his home, failed to hear the challenge thrice repeated of a sentry and was shot in the leg.—*Mt. Airy World*.

FACTS ABOUT DEAFNESS

According to a French statistician, males are more subject to aural diseases than females, and out of every seven middle-aged persons there are two who do not hear so well with one ear as with the other.

In every 1,000 children, under 15 years of age 4 per cent show symptoms of ear disease and 6 per cent a marked deficiency in hearing power. The liability to disease increase from birth to the age of forty and then begins gradually to decrease as old age advances. Out of the total number of cases subjected to surgical treatments in France in one year it is estimated that about 57 per cent were cured and 30 per cent permanently improved.—*Ex.*

A DEAF POLICEMAN.

If any one should ask, "Who is the only deaf policeman in the world?" the answer may be given, "Mr. Henry Frank, of the California School for the Deaf and the Blind. It is his duty to look over the school grounds, to see that no harm is done by mischievous boys from outside, and to check the speed

of automobiles passing through the grounds, so as to prevent possible accidents to the pupils of the school. Mr. Frank wears a shining badge given him by the Berkeley Police Department, and the inscription on it reads, "Special Police, A. B." the letters taking the place of a number. (Some of the boys pretend that the letters mean "Bachelor of Arts.")—*The Itemizer, in the California News*.

MUTE TALKS ON DEATHBED

Woman Born Speechless Tells of Her Suffering.

ZANESVILLE, O., Dec. 9.—The rarest case of the kind in local medical annals proved a puzzle to physicians when Mrs. Melissa Fouts of Cannelville, born a mute, was able to talk just before she died.

Her daughter, Mrs. Mary McIntire, nearly fainted when her mother told her how much she was suffering, these few words being the first she had ever uttered. She called her daughter by name several hours later and then passed away. Her husband, who died several years ago, also was a mute.

Mrs. Fouts was seventy years old.—*N. Y. World*.

DEAF IN EUROPEAN WAR

With almost the entire remainder of the male population of France at war, men who are deaf and dumb are eager to contribute their part in the national defense. The minister of war has received a letter from one of the officers of the mutes' organizations, in which these persons plead for an opportunity to serve their country.

"As a matter of fact, our infirmity is more apparent than real," writes the petitioner. "The great majority of us are men of good constitutions, health, vigorous and trained in athletics and gymnastics. Many of us are excellent shots much more depending on the sight than on the hearing in this work."

"However, we believe that we can render the most practical service as cyclists, in carrying military orders; as bearers of ambulance stretchers, or in the auxiliary services, such as workers in offices or bakeries; in the national arms and munition factories; in the national printing house; where some of us are employed already, or any place where the call to arms has caused many vacancies."

The minister has taken the appeal under consideration and expects to find work for some of the deaf and dumb patriots.—*Paris (France) Paper*.

FILMS FOR THE DEAF

As yet the only absolutely perfect talking motion picture is that which speaks through the sign language of the deaf and dumb. There is no variance with speech and action, for both evolve motion without sound. Consequently the synchronism is harmonious—the keynote of the talking picture. However, one must be acquainted with this silent language, in order not to distort these movements before the camera.

The Gallaudet College of Washington, D. C., has filmed a series of lectures on literary and historical subjects for distribution among the deaf and dumb institutions. The most recent of these appears in the form of a photoplay, depicting the life story of Dr. Gallaudet. The scene opens with the great educator in his childhood home receiving his first lesson in kindness to insects and deaf-mutes, gradually leading up to his determination to establish an institute for deaf-mutes, told in a series of meditations. The philanthropist is followed in his travels of disappointments and encouragements through England and France, ending with the founding of the college that bears his name in the national capital—the realization of his early dreams.

The "leaders" of this speak in the sign-language, explaining the scenes to follow. This film, which is at once scientific, educational, and entertaining, promises to become very popular in institutions for the deaf and dumb.

In photographing the leaders of this photoplay, great care had to be exercised, so as not to lose a movement of finger, hand or arm, or to blur these gestures and combinations. Such a fault would destroy the scene and create misunderstanding, just as a leader in the ordinary photoplay that is run off the screen too quickly or is ambiguously expressed hampers the full appreciation of the story.—*Popular Electricity*.

ACCIDENTAL GUNSHOT FATAL

John Victor Baldwin Victim of Accident—Was Out Hunting With John Martin Sunday Afternoon

John Victor Baldwin, a mute of this city died Sunday evening at 7 o'clock from the effects of a gunshot wound received accidentally while out hunting rabbits Sunday afternoon, with John Martin, also a mute. Martin who did the shooting is almost prostrate with grief over the sad affair and the loss of his friend and neighbor.

The two men had driven to the country northeast of town shortly after dinner last Sunday. They tied their horse and started out on foot hunting. After going but a very short distance a rabbit jumped up in front of Martin and as he turned to shoot it, his gun was accidentally discharged and Baldwin fell to the ground. The full load of the gun took effect in his abdomen tearing a hole about three inches in diameter through which the lower bowels, or a greater part of them, came out. Both men being mutes, they could not attract the attention of the people passing along the road some distance away.

Martin succeeded in getting the wounded man into the buggy and had started home with him when they met an automobile into which Baldwin was transferred and hurriedly brought to his home. Doctors Aldrich and Coon were called and both pronounced the wound fatal. However, he lived until 7 o'clock that evening, a little over five hours from the time he was shot.

Although commonly known as a mute, Baldwin was able to talk a very little and in a low voice. He made it clear to everyone that the shooting was purely accidental and that he in no way blamed Martin for the accident. He said they were the best of friends and that he simply got in front of the gun, between Martin and the rabbit. He was conscious until an hour before his death and at different times spoke of the shooting, each time saying it was an accident. Shortly before the end he realized his condition and said he was "almost done," then without complaining in the least he gradually sank fainter until the end came.

A wife and four children, the oldest thirteen years, are left to mourn the untimely death of a beloved husband and father. He was known as a hard working and honest man and provided for his family as best he could. He was a member of the Knights & Ladies order and carried a \$1,000 policy on his life. He came to Caney three years ago and had worked at the smelters whenever there was anything to do there. He was a professed Christian and a member of the Episcopalian church. He was 42 years of age.

The funeral was held from the family home Monday afternoon at 4:30, conducted by Rev. Withington of the Presbyterian church. The members of the lodge took part in the service and Mrs. Nelson, a mute, sang "Nearer My God To Thee" in the sign language.—*The Caney (Kansas) News*, Dec. 11, 1914.

Those are generally good at flattering who are good for nothing else.—*South*.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.—*Beecher*.

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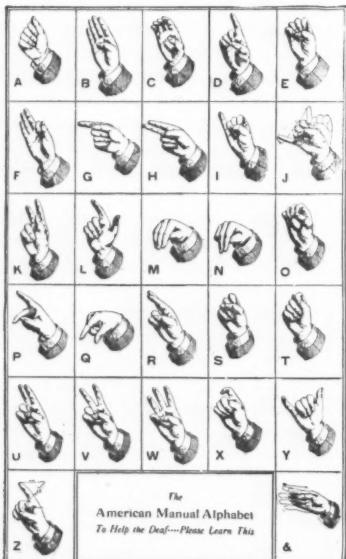
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THE ADVERTISING VALUE OF SPORTS

A prominent eastern advertising expert, who has given considerable attention to the advertising and boosting of cities, claims that sports—particularly baseball and trapshooting—have great advertising value. In a recent interview, he said: "Not every town can have a big league baseball team to carry its name abroad with the consequent advertising value of continually having the place mentioned in the sporting columns of the newspapers of the country.

"One of the principal reasons for this lack of opportunity to become widely advertised is the dearth of baseball talent, for in these days of keen competition, with baseball scouts everywhere doing the Sherlock Holmes act to recruit the ranks of the big and near-big leagues, the majority of towns must content themselves with the hope that one of their young townsmen may become a 'home-run' somebody or a 'big-six' somebody.

"But there is a possible way for every town with any good, red sporting blood to become known to the country in general and the world of sports in particular. This way is to develop a real live trapshooting club. Not only will the events at the club be given space in the columns of newspaper and sporting publications, but there is always the possibility of one or more shooters attaining a degree of proficiency in pulverizing the clay saucers that will place him in the championship class, while the club itself might earn the reputation of being a topnotcher among more than 3000 trapshooting organizations that dot the sporting map of the country.

"Once a club acquires the reputation of having champions or possible champions in its ranks, there come shooters from distant points seeking new fields to conquer and many challenges from other clubs to try conclusions in efforts to prove whether the club really has the trapshooting goods. The result of this is an abundance of publicity for the club's home town."

TRAPSHOOTING SOLVES SOCIAL CLUB'S PROBLEM

The Knickerbocker Club, a well-known social organization, of Wilmington, Del., while keeping things humming during the fall and winter months with dances and the allurements of its cosy club rooms, like many another such club found it had a real problem in keeping up interest during the summer season. Apparently the answer to the problem has been found, and this in the invitation of the duPont Trapshooting Club to the Knickerbockers to use one of the shooting club's five traps for the sport of trapshooting. That the experiment was a success was proved by the fact that about half of the club membership toed the firing line on the first day, and spurred by the descriptions of the fascination of the "sport alluring" many of the members who could not be present at the initial shoot have since tried their luck and become enthusiasts.

The experience of the Delaware clubmen ought to prove suggestive to some of the local social organizations which find it difficult to keep up interest during the warm weather.

YEARLY AVERAGES OF TRAPSHOOTERS

A number of local trapshooters having asked on what basis yearly averages are determined, we print the rules of the Interstate Association, covering the point:

"The yearly averages in 1914, for both amateurs and professionals, shall be computed on 2000 or more single targets shot from the standard distance fixed by the Interstate Association (the distance being 16 yards), and this only at Registered Tournaments and the tournaments directly given by the Interstate Association.

"It shall at a registered tournament not be obligatory for a contestant to shoot in all events, to have his count score in the average, but the records made

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in every event in which he participates at said tournaments shall count in his yearly average. If a contestant voluntarily withdraws from an event after starting in it and does not shoot at the total number of targets called for by said event, such unshot targets shall be scored as "lost targets."

"Scores made by contestants, whether amateurs or professionals, who stand at the 16-yard mark in handicap events shall not be counted in the yearly averages."

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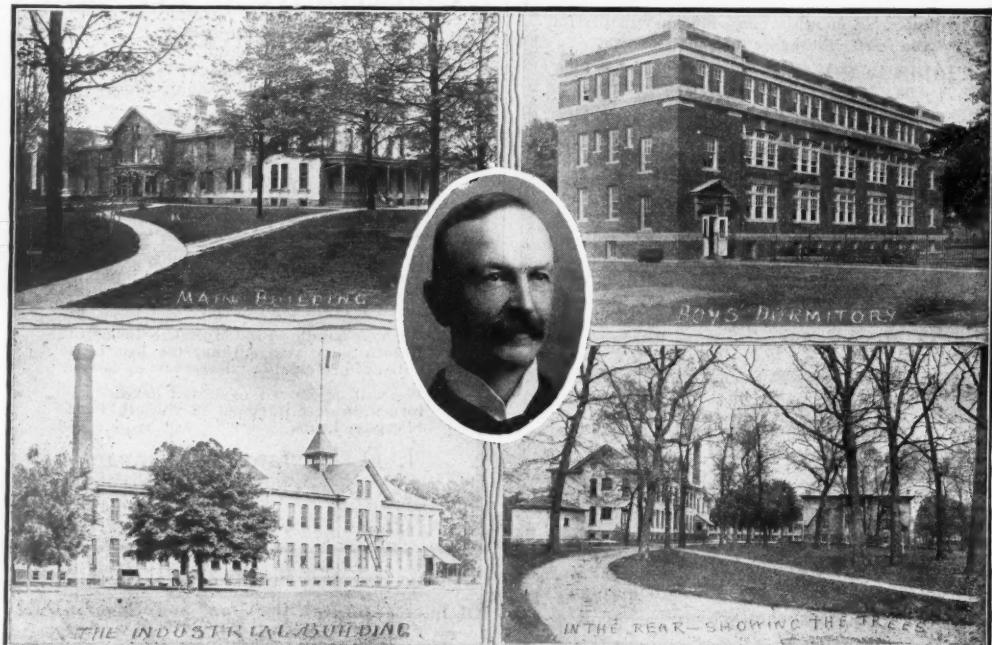
The candidate must be a resident of the State, not less than six nor more than twenty-one years of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical health and intellectual capacity to profit by the instruction afforded. The person making application for the admission of a child as a pupil is required to fill out a blank form, furnished for the purpose, giving necessary information in regard to the case. The application must be accompanied by a certificate from a county judge or county clerk of the county, or the chosen freeholder or township clerk of the township, or the mayor of the city, where the applicant resides, also a certificate from two freeholders of the county. These certificates are printed on the same sheet with the forms of application, and are accompanied by full directions for filling them out. Blank forms of applications and any desired information in regard to the school may be obtained by writing to the following address

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